

JUNE 25, 1979

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TIME

JOHN WAYNE
An Appreciation



THE SUMMIT

Jimmy Carter *Л. Брежнев*



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A Letter from the Publisher

For the TIME correspondents who went to Vienna for this week's cover story on the SALT II summit, the trip was the culmination of months, and in some cases years, of preparation. Moscow Bureau Chief Bruce Nelán, who followed the Soviet side of the talks, started covering SALT in 1977 as TIME's defense specialist in Washington. White House Correspondent Chris Ogden, who covered the U.S. delegation, was reporting from Moscow when Richard Nixon arrived to sign SALT I in 1972. For Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott, the Vienna summit was quite literally a final chapter, both in his extensive coverage of SALT II for TIME and in a book he is writing on the subject. Says he: "After five years of tracking the story, usually through closed doors, it is gratifying and a relief to see it end in public, with some fanfare of statesmanship."

Correspondent Lee Griggs, a longtime Africa hand who moved to Bonn last December, found his first taste of SALT summitry to be a welcome contrast to the summits he has covered in tropical Third World capitals. Among Vienna's pleasures, notes

Griggs: "Its cooler climate, the absence of king-size cockroaches, honest-to-goodness hotels with clean sheets and, behind the tapestries in what was once Empress Maria Theresa's ballroom, wiring for the simultaneous translation of the proceedings."

Washington Contributing Editor Hugh Sidey, who conveys his impressions of the conference in this week's "Presidency" column, found lowered spirits and expectations in Vienna, a marked contrast to the Kennedy-Khrushchev summit he covered there in 1961. "Kennedy flew to Vienna with authority and respect," he recalls.

"His jet was new. He was new. The world was in love with him. How different now. The U.S. has self-doubt. Carter is down. The world is far more somber and less prone to laughter." Yet Sidey believes that the first meeting of Brezhnev and Carter had both promise and "a little romance." As Chris Ogden puts it, "When two superpower leaders sit down and try to understand each other, it's a powerful instant. Like it or not, they have the capability to destroy this world, and the consequences of their meeting affect us all."



Talbott, Ogden, Griggs, Sidey and Nelán at the Hofburg Palace in Vienna

John C. Meyers

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Cover: Illustration by Roy Andersen. John Wayne photograph © David Sutton.



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Letters

Baker's Spell

To the Editors:

Several years ago I decided that adulthood and the meaning of life are attained when one reaches for Russell Baker (June 4) first, the Sunday comics second.

Linda Wilson
Long Valley, N.J.

Russell Baker is one member of an endangered species. He should be declared a national asset.

Marvin F. Diedrich
Fond du Lac, Wis.

If Baker wants to stop "suffocating on polysyllabic, Latinate English," let him start by changing the name of his column, "Observer."

Without words with Latin roots, Baker would lose most of his professional tools and, indeed, a large part of his cultural and intellectual heritage.

Vincent J. Gambello
Atlanta



We met not one but two fine journalists: John Sowa's loving presentation of Russell Baker was rare and beautiful.

Dorothy McCammon
Goshen, Ind.

Wastrel Americans

Lance Morrow's Essay "The Weakness That Starts at Home" (June 4) said it all. America is a shocking wastrel.

The energy crisis could serve as a goad to reinstate ingenuity and self-discipline. If it does, America may save more than energy. If it doesn't, America will find that oil is only the first of many other shortages.

Corinne Norton
Philadelphia

We are one of the most generous nations in the world. No one has a right to call us greedy or weak.

The fact that we've been sold a bill of goods time and time again and are a lit-

tle reluctant to give up what we have worked hard to earn does not make us besotted wastrels.

Mary Meyer
Grants Pass, Ore.

High-Speed Germans

Detlef Hohl of West Germany, who in a letter to TIME (May 28) decried U.S. oil consumption, must not be among those Germans who zip along the speed-unlimited autobahns at 180 km an hour, or among those who are purchasing full-size American cars at an unprecedented rate.

Steve Parrino
Austin

Enough oil was wasted by all involved during World War II in Europe alone that might have lasted all of us another hundred years. Do I have to remind anyone whose country started that mess?

Bob Mauger
Chester, Va.

A Coy Kennedy?

Senator Kennedy (June 4) must be very smart. By making all the moves necessary to be elected President, but refusing to declare his candidacy, he's sure to be drafted as the Democratic nominee, thereby sparing himself all the expense and hard work of campaigning.

Linda Jackson
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Ah, come on, Teddy. Stop teasing us and run for the office of President of the U.S. We need you more than ever before.

Frank J. Sarna III
Youngstown, Ohio

Carter may be bad, but we do not need a President with so many skeletons in his background either. Surely the Democrats can come up with a person who would be not only a strong leader but also someone we and our children could look up to.

Judith Stock
Wooster, Ohio

The Insanity of It All

Why should we find it so strange that General Grigorenko (June 4) was considered insane by Soviet psychiatrists? Every society sets its own standards for "normalcy," and anyone who deviates is sick. It happens in the U.S. all the time, and no one is alarmed. In Iran, the Ayatullah Khomeini is presently quite sane as he orders political murder in the name of justice. Sanity is relative.

William E. Wilson
East Peoria, Ill.

Reading by the Blind

You state that Telesensory Systems Inc. "hopes to produce a computer for the blind that will scan a printed page and

turn it into speech" (May 14). In fact, we already have such a machine for blind patrons. It is a Kurzweil Reading Machine (KRM), which over 50 blind New Yorkers are using to read everything from science fiction to Wittgenstein.

Julia J. Brody, Chief
Mid-Manhattan Library
New York City

Justice and the Death Penalty

How can a nation's judicial system be so unjust that Dan White of San Francisco can get off with manslaughter after committing two senseless murders, and John Spinkelink (June 4) is executed?

John Gavin Gunning
Maplewood, N.J.

Capital punishment probably does not deter crime, but it is not social revenge either. It is simply removing a dangerous and apparently incorrigible criminal from our midst and turning him over to God, whose love will know how to deal with him as we cannot.

Canon Robert S.S. Whitman
Lenox, Mass.

Disclosure by Representative Crane

In your article "Show and Tell" (May 28), you say that I did not file a Financial Disclosure Statement. Had you checked with the Office of Records and Registration, you would have learned that a statement was filed by me, for which I have received a dated receipt.

Philip M. Crane, Representative
Twelfth District, Illinois

Trading Joe for Pierre

We've had eleven years of Pierre Trudeau and his schemes, and insults too (June 4). We're well rid of him and his Liberals. With Joe Clark as Prime Minister, Canada has a chance.

G.J. Monroe
Vancouver

Clark's election just goes to show that anybody can become Prime Minister.

Frank Mariens
Calgary

Giving Khomeini His Due

For more than five months now, our own small country of Uganda has shared the international headlines with Iran. On the occasion of the cessation of hostilities in this area, we now wholeheartedly concede to the government of the Ayatullah Khomeini in Iran the title of the world's most oppressive autocracy.

George Saaka
Fort Portal, Uganda

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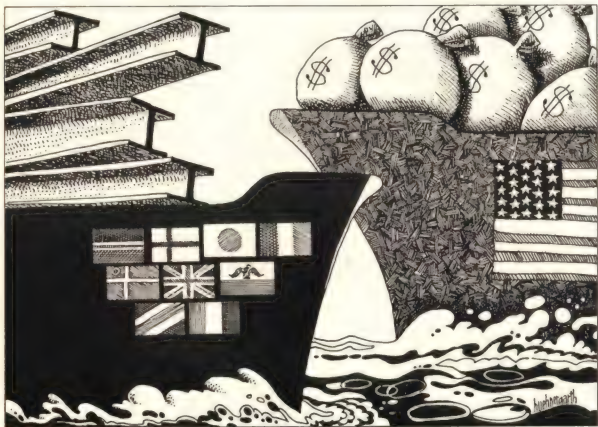
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TIME/JUNE 25, 1979




The first round of summit talks at U.S. Embassy in Vienna

COVER STORIES

'Khorosho,' Said Brezhnev

That means good, and it marked the tone as he finally met Carter

 Jimmy Carter bounded exuberantly up a long staircase, and burst into a gilded anteroom of Vienna's elaborate Hofburg Palace. But the long-awaited moment of encounter—Carter had been asking for it since he took office more than two years ago—had still not quite arrived. Five more minutes passed, and then Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev shuffled slowly from an elevator into the room. He looked slightly ill at ease, his left hand in his coat pocket, his right hand clutching his spectacle case. The delay in meeting, said Carter, had been "too long." "Da," replied Brezhnev. Then the two most powerful men in the world walked side by side down a long red carpet to an ornate 16th century receiving room, where they chatted good-naturedly while sitting in the same silk-brocade chairs that were used by John Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev in 1961. When photographers shouted for handshakes, Brezhnev firmly grasped the American President's hand. They both smiled broadly at each other. "Was it a good beginning?" reporters asked. "Yes," Carter said, "it was very good."

On this amiable note began the Vienna summit of 1979, and Carter's spirits were still soaring when he left the palace. Nearly a thousand Austrians surged toward him, shouting "Jimmy! Jimmy!" Grinning happily, the President clambered onto the back bumper of his ar-

mored Cadillac limousine and waved jubilantly.

Next morning the two men got down to business in the baroque U.S. Embassy. Each gave a formal 35-min. presentation of his country's global views. After breaking for lunch, and a recuperative nap for the ailing Soviet leader, the two men met again at the U.S. Embassy for almost two hours of discussion on the subject that had brought them together in the first place, the SALT II treaty to restrict long-range weapons. The Americans were struck by Brezhnev's stamina during the talks. Said one top U.S. official: "He really seemed to be thoroughly in control, of both the situation and himself."

On Sunday Carter and Brezhnev met at the Soviet Embassy for more discussions, morning and afternoon, about arms and the international situation, including China, the Middle East and southern Africa. Again they spoke from prepared notes. In fact, the only scheduled opportunity for a prolonged private exchange between them was a 60-min. meeting, with only two interpreters present, on Monday morning.

With both leaders essentially sticking to the scripts that had been worked out in advance, the summit was not expected to alter basic policies. But every summit is a historic event, and this one included significant gains. Among them:

► The signing of SALT II, in the gold and white Redoutensaal ballroom, committed

both nations to important restrictions on their strategic nuclear forces. Carter and Brezhnev also opened the talks on SALT III, which are designed to bring major reductions in nuclear weapons.

► The extensive talks between the two leaders showed that Soviet-American détente is very much alive, despite recent Soviet maneuvering and the new American relationship with Peking. To the Soviets, standing on an equal footing with the U.S. is of tremendous importance, even in its purely symbolic forms. Thus the Kremlin, to the Americans' surprise, requested that Carter and Brezhnev spend as much time together as possible.

► The opportunity for each leader to take the measure of the other may head off future misunderstandings. This was especially important for Carter, who has had no face-to-face dealings with Soviet officials except for brief meetings in Washington with Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin. Still, the Administration carefully played down the benefits of personal diplomacy. Said a Carter adviser: "Personal relations do little but smooth rough edges. What is important are binding agreements." Beyond the signing of SALT II, agreements between the two nations were not on the agenda at Vienna. Even so, the fact that Carter and Brezhnev exchanged views on the issues that divide East and West constituted progress.

It was the first Soviet-American sum-

mit since Brezhnev and Gerald Ford met at Vladivostok in 1974. Clearly another one was overdue. Detente, launched in 1972 by Richard Nixon and Brezhnev to the clink of champagne glasses under the crystal chandeliers at the Kremlin, had eroded badly. There were strains over the huge buildup of Soviet nuclear and conventional arms, Soviet intervention in Africa, the fall of the pro-Western regime in Iran. Brezhnev, on the other hand, had been enraged by Carter's human rights campaign, which the Soviets viewed as interference with their internal affairs, the Americans' surprise proposal in 1977 that both sides make deep cuts in their nuclear arsenals, and the U.S. normalization of relations with China. The Kremlin had come to view Carter as anti-Soviet; worse, Brezhnev seemed to regard him as weak and confused. Conversely, Washington could not be sure of Brezhnev: how his physical condition was affecting his abilities, how long he would rule, or who might succeed him.

The summit was designed to help clear away misconceptions on both sides. The participants knew, however, that they were going to Vienna somewhat impaired. Brezhnev by his age (72) and ailments; Carter by his loss of political support (the latest polls show him with only 30% approval). Neither leader had any illusions about making major breakthroughs. At a Kremlin dinner before his departure, Brezhnev expressed only the hope that the summit would "become an important stage of further development of Soviet-American relations." As Carter left Washington, he warned that progress toward peace is "often measured in inches and not in miles."

Despite the forecast of modest achievements, Carter went to Vienna visibly excited. He told aides that he had looked forward to meeting Brezhnev more than almost anything else during his years as President, and he spent an unprecedented amount of time preparing for the encounter. He phoned Richard Nixon, who had signed SALT I in Moscow in 1972, for advice on how to deal with Brezhnev. Gerald Ford came by the White House to suggest that if Brezhnev became blustery, as he did at Vladivostok in 1974, Carter should respond politely but firmly and not retreat an inch. CIA Director Stansfield Turner showed Carter some video tapes of Nixon's and Ford's meetings with Brezhnev so that the President could observe the Soviet leader's mannerisms.

While Carter was preparing for Brezhnev and the SALT signing, the President's foes at home were hitting him with harsh attacks and stinging defeats. The Senate bluntly defied Carter by voting to lift economic sanctions against Rhodesia. House conservatives stunned him by mustering so much opposition to legislation setting up the administrative machinery to carry out the Panama Canal treaties that he had to ask Democratic leaders to postpone the vote.



Carter and Brezhnev shake hands for the first time at Vienna's Hofburg Palace

Progress toward peace is "often measured in inches and not in miles."

Two days before Carter boarded the plane for Vienna, Democrat Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, the Senate's leading SALT critic, launched a blistering attack on SALT itself. In a speech to the hard-line Coalition for a Democratic Majority, Jackson accused Carter—and Ford and Nixon too—of following an "appeasement" policy toward Moscow. In the seven years since SALT I was signed, Jackson said, "we have been making too many gratuitous concessions. We have silenced too many officials, bent too many laws and traditions and apologized too often. In the area of trade and technology, the

right to emigrate and strategic arms, the signs of appeasement are all too evident." Of the Administration's arguments for SALT II, the Senator declared: "To enter a treaty which favors the Soviets as this one does, on the ground that we will be in a worse position without it, is appeasement in its purest form."

White House officials were enraged both by Jackson's biting tone and his timing. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance called Jackson "misguided and simply wrong." White House Press Secretary Jody Powell described Jackson's views as "grossly misleading." Said Powell: "I

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The two leaders join Austrian President Rudolf Kirchschläger at the Vienna Opera

think there are few people with any illusions that it would be possible to negotiate any SALT treaty that the Senator would support."

Then came more bad news. Lieut. General Edward Rowny, 62, a Jackson protégé and the Joint Chiefs of Staff's representative on the U.S. SALT negotiating team in Geneva, announced that he was resigning from the Army. Rowny has made no secret of his disapproval of SALT II, and he is expected to provide the treaty's opponents with ammunition, since he can speak authoritatively about the swaps that went on at the bargaining table.

This disarray among U.S. officials naturally interests the Soviets. "We read closely what is written in your country about the state of Carter's presidency," a Soviet official said in Vienna. "We follow the polls. We read all your eminent columnists who write about the political ineptitude of the White House. Of course, it is not without precedent for us to deal with a U.S. President who is politically wounded." The mischievous reference was to Nixon and his second summit with Brezhnev in Moscow in 1974. If the Soviets had followed normal protocol, the SALT II signing would have taken place in Washington, but Moscow insisted on the neutral ground of Vienna. The usual reason given was Brezhnev's health, but the Soviet diplomat seemed also to be suggesting that the Kremlin wanted to distance itself, physically and symbolically, from Carter's problems in the U.S. and the Senate's possible repudiation of the treaty. In addition, the Kremlin insisted that the language of the summit's final communiqué be limited to generalities—a gesture that also was reminiscent of 1974.

Despite all these wary precautions, a summit conference is a momentous event. Finally Thursday came, and it was time

for Carter to head for Vienna. At precisely 8:10 a.m., he emerged from the White House with Rosalynn and Amy. He was going to the summit, Carter said, "with hope but without false expectations." To well-wishers led by Vice President Walter Mondale, the President added: "I'll certainly do the best I can." Then the Carters boarded a helicopter on the South Lawn and choppered to the gleaming blue and white Air Force One at Andrews Air Force Base for the flight to Vienna. The President was accompanied by Vance, Defense Secretary Harold Brown, National Security Adviser



Leaving U.S. Embassy for the opera
Also a trip on the Danube.

Zbigniew Brzezinski, General George Seignius, Director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, General David Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and four Georgians from the White House: Hamilton Jordan, Frank Moore, Jody Powell and Gerald Rafter. All of them carried under their arms black, 3-in.-thick briefing books, stamped in gold with the presidential seal and the legend: PRESIDENT CARTER'S MEETING WITH SOVIET PRESIDENT BREZHNEV.

Eight hours later, Carter arrived for his first visit to the ancient and graceful city that for 2,000 years has been at the crossroads of East and West. Vienna was the seat of the Holy Roman Empire and capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Here, at the 1814-15 Congress of Vienna, Prince Metternich organized a balance of forces that lasted for a century, until World War I.

But not since the Kennedy-Khrushchev meeting of 1961 had Vienna been the site of a modern superpower summit, and the Austrians were determined that this one would go smoothly. Reinforcements from the provinces increased the police force to 6,000 men. Armed guards were assigned to Carter and Brezhnev, even though both brought phalanxes of their own. More than 100 taxis were diverted to summit duty, chiefly because the press corps of more than 2,000 had reserved long in advance nearly all of Vienna's chauffeured limousines. The summit principals had brought their own transportation: a black Cadillac and Lincoln Continental for the Americans, a black Rolls-Royce and Zil limousine for the Soviets. They were gas-guzzlers all, in a country where premium fuel costs \$2.57 per gal.

The Viennese tried to act with aplomb, but there was considerable excitement at their city's being once again the center of world diplomacy. In the window of the world-famous Demel pastry shop, life-size likenesses of Carter and Brezhnev, made of papier-mâché and marzipan, sat playing chess with marzipan missiles.

Carter was welcomed at the airport by a trumpet fanfare followed by almost complete silence as he shook hands with his official host, President Rudolf Kirchschläger. "We have no right and no wish to influence your deliberations," said Kirchschläger, "but we hope and we wish and we trust from the bottom of our hearts that the meeting... will contribute toward the further process of détente and toward a reduction of armaments." Carter went directly to the American ambassador's residence, a three-story mansion that was built in the early 1930s for Coal Baron Karl Broda, who fled to the U.S. in 1938.

Friday morning, Brezhnev flew into Vienna aboard a blue and white Ilyushin II-62, accompanied by Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, Defense Minister Dmi-

tri Ustinov, Chief of Staff Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov and Konstantin Chernenko, a Brezhnev protégé who acts as the Politburo's executive officer. Resplendent in a blue suit studded with medals, including four Orders of Lenin, Brezhnev descended to the tarmac, gripping the handrail and stepping carefully but steadily. To a roll of drums, he warmly greeted Kirchschräger, walked with a slight limp by the honor guard and then was driven straight to his quarters in the Soviet embassy, a tree-shaded stone building that was built in the 19th century. Members of the Soviet advance team had taken great pains to portray Brezhnev as alert and eager for the summit and in no way hampered by ill health. Still, Austrian officials took no chances. They quietly ordered several hospitals throughout the city to keep beds and life-support equipment at the ready in case Brezhnev needed them.

Last to arrive in Vienna was the summit's centerpiece, the 78-page SALT II treaty. Its remaining details were still being negotiated for most of the week in Geneva by teams of U.S. and Soviet diplomats. The final issue was minor, and the butt of much diplomatic banter. The chief CIA man on the U.S. delegation had presented his KGB counterpart with a T-shirt emblazoned: FREE THE TYURATAM EIGHTEEN! The gift was one of those arcane jokes that are best appreciated by SALT technicians. It referred to 18 heavy-missile launchers at the Soviets' Tyuratam test site in central Asia, which the Soviets claim are used only for tests and therefore do not count as strategic weapons. Well past the eleventh hour, the Soviets agreed to dismantle twelve of the launchers and to guarantee that the remaining six would be plainly marked as test sites.



Pastry shop display of Carter and Brezhnev playing chess with marzipan missiles

Said Brezhnev: "God will not forgive us if we fail."

The final marathon negotiating session ended at 2 a.m. Thursday, but the treaty documents could not be taken to Vienna until midday Friday. One reason: the Soviets in Geneva had to make do with primitive manual typewriters, cumbersome paper almost as thick as cardboard and a 1950s-vintage copying machine. If a typist made a single error, the page had to be retyped. The Americans used a high-speed word-processing machine; errors could be corrected almost instantaneously.

In a final diplomatic nicety, the negotiating teams prepared four official copies of the treaties, two in English by the Americans and two in Russian by the Soviets. Each delegation drew up one so-

called original, in which its country was named first at each mention, and one so-called *alternat*, in which the other country was named first. In this way, neither side establishes even the most symbolic sort of primacy in either language. The documents were hand delivered to Vienna by the chief negotiators, Robert Earle of the U.S. and Victor Karpov of the U.S.S.R.

All was finally in order for the summit by midday Friday. But first, both of the principals changed their plans to take advantage of the cloudless, mid-70s day and do some sightseeing. Carter, accompanied by Rosalynn, Amy, Cyrus Vance and his wife Grace, motored west of Vienna to the town of Klosterneuburg, where the Vienna woods give way to vineyard along the Danube. There they lunched on the sun-dappled patio of a restaurant at a 12th century abbey. Brezhnev took a drive through downtown Vienna, traversing the Ring, passing the Hofburg, and winding up in the courtyard of the Schönbrunn Palace, formerly the Habsburgs' summer residence, which he had asked especially to see. Brezhnev stepped out of his Zil only once, to lay a wreath at the Soviet war memorial (known to Viennese as the tomb of the "unknown plunderer").

That evening Carter and Brezhnev rejoined each other at the State Opera House for a performance of Mozart's *The Abduction from the Seraglio*. The crowd applauded as Carter entered the presidential box, clapped louder when Brezhnev and Kirchschräger arrived and roared with approval when Carter and Brezhnev returned the applause. At one point, Brezhnev leaned forward and murmured "Ochen khorosho" (very good). Carter nodded in agreement. Carter and Brezhnev left after the second act, presumably to get a full night's sleep before begin-

Two Turtledoves...

Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev likes flashy new automobiles, and his ventures to the summit have brought him several of them. When President Richard Nixon flew to Moscow in 1972, he presented the Russian with a Cadillac. When Brezhnev returned the visit in Washington in 1973, Nixon provided a Lincoln Continental. Nixon went back to Moscow in 1974, this time turning over a sporty Chevrolet Monte Carlo. President Ford, conferring with Brezhnev in Vladivostok in 1974, broke the pattern: he armed his host against the severe Soviet winter by taking off his own Alaskan wolf-skin coat and presenting it to Brezhnev.

Last week President Carter selected the most symbolic—if least utilitarian—present Brezhnev has yet received from his American counterparts: a pair of porcelain "Doves of Peace." The sculpture, made by the New Jersey studio, Cybis, ordinarily would cost \$3,500 to \$4,000, but this was a special and more costly design: the turtledoves were passing an olive branch from one to the other. Brezhnev's return gift to Carter? A surprise, said the secretive Soviets. And so it remained as the meetings began.



Carter's doves of peace

"No one has ever escaped from Alcatraz...and no one ever will."



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Nation

ning their formal discussions next day.

Bright and early Saturday, Carter jogged five laps around a garden path at the American ambassador's residence, then left for the embassy. Soon afterward, Brezhnev emerged from the Soviet embassy. He stumbled momentarily and was steadied by aides, then helped into his Zil limousine. At the U.S. Embassy he was welcomed by Carter with a grin and a handshake.

Inside the U.S. Embassy's cramped and dreary conference room, the leaders arranged themselves and their aides at either side of a gleaming 25-ft. table. Brezhnev brought with him nine aides, including Chernenko, Gromyko, Ogarkov and Ustinov; Carter was accompanied by the same number, including Brown, Brzezinski and Vance. As guest, Brezhnev led off. He put on his rimless spectacles and stolidly read aloud from his sheaf of prepared remarks. He was followed by Carter, who talked from several pages of notes handwritten on yellow legal paper. Among them was a sentence he had noted on hearing Brezhnev utter it the day before: "God will not forgive us if we fail."

The first session was scheduled for two hours but broke up after only 85 min., since the two leaders needed less time than expected to spell out their differing world views. There was also what Powell called "a good deal of back-and-forth." At one point, Brezhnev and Carter engaged in a spirited exchange over which nation is spending more for weapons. The two leaders also expressed sharply opposed views about the world's trouble spots, including who was responsible for the turbulence in the Middle East and southern Africa. Finally, Brezhnev pushed his chair back from the table and the first session was over. Said Carter curtly afterward: "A good meeting."

That afternoon Carter and Brezhnev talked 2½ hrs. about SALT II and related arms issues. The Soviet leader objected to U.S. plans to build the MX missile, which will be movable to make it less vulnerable to attack. Said Brezhnev: "I don't understand why you're building this missile." He warned that if the missile cannot be verified by the Soviets "this will plant a mine under further negotiations." Carter replied that the missile would indeed be verifiable and therefore within the SALT II limits. The two leaders also exchanged views on the Soviet Backfire bomber, U.S. cruise missiles and the coming negotiations on SALT III. They agreed on the difficulties posed by medium-range weapons, which are not covered by SALT II but which they would like to limit.

Carter and Brezhnev seemed to get along well. The U.S. President was polite and restrained, but not as relaxed as the Soviet leader. Brezhnev hammed it up by pretending to leave the room from time to time. At one point he declared: "We think everybody is for détente and good

relations except for some people." He then jokingly pointed at Vance. Everyone at the table laughed. Brzezinski, who is usually the Administration's hard-liner on Soviet policy, pointed to himself, and everyone laughed again.

According to a Soviet participant, Brezhnev told Carter that the Kremlin, much like the hawks in the U.S. Senate, is not entirely happy with all of SALT II's provisions, but that the treaty reflects "everything that is realistically obtainable at the present moment." On the whole, he said, it is "a mutually acceptable balance of interests." He reaffirmed the Soviet commitment to détente, saying, "It is im-

parting, Brezhnev again stumbled on the embassy steps but was soon steadied by Carter and an aide.

Finally would come the last and most memorable day of the summit. On Monday morning Carter and Brezhnev were to have their first and only scheduled private meeting, at the U.S. Embassy. To be discussed were Soviet emigration policy and U.S. restrictions on Soviet goods. Both leaders would like to make a deal: freer trade for freer emigration, particularly of Soviet Jews. Next the two leaders were supposed to move on to the Soviet embassy for their fifth and last session of formal talks, again focusing on trade. From



possible for one of us to push the other off the surface of the earth or for one of us to remodel the other."

Carter picked up the same theme at dinner that evening in the U.S. residence, a relaxed affair attended by the two leaders and their closest aides. In one of the numerous toasts with Russian vodka, the President defined the U.S. world role as "one that supports change toward greater pluralism in and among societies." Moreover, he said, "that we have the power to destroy other nations does not mean we have a right or a need to control them." Brezhnev continued to be in good humor. Imbibing freely, he told stories about hunting in Siberia and the Georgian Republic for deer, elk and rabbits. "I'm a very good shot," he boasted. His colleagues nodded in agreement, murmuring "Da, pravino [yes, that's right]."

On Sunday morning, the Carters decided to skip Protestant services and go instead to the Catholic chapel of the Hofburg to hear the Vienna Boys Choir. The President then joined Brezhnev at the Soviet embassy for more talks on various military issues, including SALT III, the stalled negotiations on troop reductions in Europe and treaties to ban chemical warfare and all nuclear weapons tests. On

the Soviet embassy, they were to drive separately to the Redoutensaal for the summit's climactic moment. There, seated side by side, Brezhnev and Carter were to sign the SALT II agreement. First Brezhnev was to write his name on Russian and English copies of the treaty. His copies would be contained in a red binder, Carter's in a blue binder. Then it would be Carter's turn to sign. The ceremony was to be watched by about 200 dignitaries and about 250 reporters, meaning that most of the journalists in Vienna would miss the main event.

The ink would hardly be dry before Brezhnev would head for Moscow and Carter for Washington. Carter planned a televised address to a joint session of Congress, exactly as Nixon had done after signing the SALT I treaty in Moscow. But there the parallel ended. For Carter, the selling of SALT to the Senate will be a much more difficult proposition than it was for Nixon. The Senate's hawks are organized and ready to fight. They believe they have the strength either to block ratification or to add such restrictive amendments that the agreement signed amid all the panoply in Vienna will be undone. If that happens, the Carter presidency will face its severest test. ■

Nation



Seven Cadillac limousines stand ready to serve the seven summit leaders

The Next Summit Is in Tokyo

And the big issue there, for Western leaders, is energy



President Carter will barely have returned from Vienna before he wings off again, this time to Asia for twelve more days of summer summitry. Sandwiched between state visits to Japan and South Korea is a two-day economic summit in Tokyo that poses a major international policy test.

Carter's journey to the Far East will be his first as U.S. President; he has visited the area occasionally before, stopping briefly in Japan, while campaigning for the presidency in 1975 for instance. Solemn ceremonies and other red carpet activities—including an audience with Emperor Hirohito and an inspection of Western defenses in South Korea—should help reinforce relations with two of Washington's most valued Pacific allies. The Tokyo economic summit, however—the fifth such meeting of leaders of the largest industrial democracies—is shaping up as a complex political obstacle course that is sure to magnify Carter's No. 1 current problem: energy.

The summit, to be sure, has a full agenda of other, leftover economic topics. But with the West German and Japanese domestic economies now pulling their weight, the old problem of economic growth and recovery has become less urgent. The dollar is riding higher these days, so monetary questions will also be secondary, even if, as one U.S. official warned, "there is almost certain to be turbulence in the money markets later this

year." And with the industrial economies themselves newly threatened by the energy crunch, there is bound to be little enthusiasm for fresh initiatives toward the developing countries in the name of the North-South dialogue.

In the looming shadow of energy, in short, all the other problems are bound to be given short shrift. This time, as one Administration official put it, "all the delegates will be on one side of the table—and the problem of energy will be on the other side."

As the delegates get down to negotiations in Tokyo's Geihinkan, an elaborate Oriental replica of Versailles, the first question for the seven summit leaders is what to do about the world's most effective cartel, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. OPEC representatives will meet in Geneva two days before the Tokyo assembly begins, and they will almost certainly approve yet another hike in the posted price for crude, which now averages \$17 per bbl. Some Administration officials have been arguing for a tough line against OPEC, and believe that the U.S. should even use economic clout to arm-twist other industrial countries into endorsing it. Carter himself, however, is inclined to what is described as a "firm but friendly" stand toward OPEC, and prefers what he calls an "all-around approach" based on "increased and sustained supply, a stable price and reduced consumption."

The President knows full well that the Western European countries and Japan,

which are more vulnerable than the U.S. to an oil squeeze, have no stomach for challenging OPEC. Mindful of their "special relationship" with the Arab world, the French in particular want to steer clear of anything that smacks of "Arab bashing." Concludes a State Department official: "We are seeking ways to cooperate, not confront."

Thus the main attempt at Tokyo will be to devise a joint three-pronged strategy to 1) cut consumption in order to reduce imports, 2) spur greater effort in developing alternative energy sources, and 3) form a united purchasing front. If forceful joint action can be decided in all three areas, some slack could be reintroduced into the world oil market and some sanity returned to its pricing. In Paris last week, "Sherpas"—the foot-slogging diplomats and economists who have been preparing the climb to the summit for four months—were still poring over a number of possible actions. Among them:

► A detailed plan for equitably allocating OPEC supplies among the consuming countries, combined with some sort of joint conservation target. Proposals for an outright buyers' cartel to control consumption, much as OPEC controls production, are thought to be too ambitious. A more realistic expectation is a simple extension of the one-year 5% cutback in oil imports pledged by the 20-nation International Energy Agency last March.

► A system of coordinated purchasing policies for the consuming countries. It would be aimed at stopping the free-for-all bidding on the Rotterdam spot oil market. The French have even proposed a system for controlling Rotterdam prices, but some experts believe the market would simply float away to the Bahamas, Singapore or somewhere else. Another difficulty is that in France and some other countries the governments have considerable control over oil purchases, while in the U.S. the oil companies still act as independent agents.

► An energy trust fund of \$10 billion to speed up development of advanced technologies for coal gasification and liquefaction. This proposal would have to surmount objections from Washington, where pressure to balance the budget still takes priority. In addition, some European countries are reluctant to subsidize the U.S. companies that are predominant in the field.

Shared solutions to the shared problem of energy will not come easily, however, because national and regional differences abound. First, relative dependence on imported oil varies widely, from Japan's virtually total reliance to Canada's relative self-sufficiency. So does consumption: Japan and Italy thrifflily burn only about 16 bbl. per capita a year, while the U.S. devours a prodigious 30 bbl.

Strategic perceptions vary accordingly. French President Valéry Giscard d'Es-

*The U.S., Canada, Japan, West Germany, France, Britain and Italy.

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Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Vienna Query: Where's Walter?

taing, for instance, is expected to lobby strenuously for legislated energy saving and tight price controls in the name of "consumer solidarity." Many Japanese and West German experts, however, argue that governments should not interfere with market forces. Their theory is that ultimately only higher oil prices will force consumers to economize and encourage other forms of energy. Says Tokyo Economist Nobutane Kiuchi: "It may take another recession before the leaders learn this fact." Significantly enough, the three newest members of the summit club—Britain's Margaret Thatcher, Canada's Joe Clark and Japan's Masayoshi Ohira—are fiscal conservatives who tend to oppose government intervention.

The summit atmosphere will also be clouded by a certain amount of diplomatic reexamination. Carter will encounter criticism for the conspicuous failure of his Administration to curb the American appetite for energy. Most of the lecturing will come from the European Community countries, who can boast that they are successfully shaving their own reliance on OPEC oil by nearly one-tenth. Another irritant is the Administration's recent decision to subsidize the import of such middle-distillate petroleum products as diesel fuel and heating oil, which the Europeans see as a hasty overreaction that sets a dangerous precedent. Said one U.S. official: "I haven't seen the Europeans so mad since we cut off their soybean supplies in 1973."

For its part, the Administration will charge the others with forcing higher prices by their rush to buy Rotterdam spot oil at staggering premiums. The U.S. has joined in the competition for supplies. But West Germany and Japan are believed to be especially guilty of this practice, which they are better able to afford with their ample trade surpluses and dollar reserves. Complains one U.S. official: "They think they can buy their way out." Warns another: "The way out of this situation is not for the Western nations to bid against each other. That just helps OPEC."

Past summits have taught the participants to be prudent about raising excessive expectations. One U.S. Sherpa last week was already lamenting that "right now it looks like it will be all mush and mirrors." West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt has conceded that "we should not expect massive breakthroughs at Tokyo" but rather should aim for "a set of priorities about what should and should not be done." As Schmidt said last week, even if their accomplishments have sometimes seemed meager, the economic summits have helped the world avoid a repetition of the great Depression of the 1930s "which would have ruined us all."

The Vienna summit may have tipped the balance. It may have been the occasion when the show biz finally outweighed the statecraft. The meeting was important, yes. And the feelings that Leonid Brezhnev and Jimmy Carter develop for one another will linger and mark their actions. But the more than 2,000 reporters, commentators, anchormen, photographers, directors, scriptwriters and producers drawn to a summit now dwarf the participants in numbers, machinery and perhaps even in celebrity.

"Where's Walter Cronkite?" gasped a journalist from the Soviet magazine *Literary Gazette*. "I want to interview him." The glossiest limousine, a black Mercedes 600, was ogled by spectators when it rolled by with a sign in the window that said CBS NEWS COVERS THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT. Every chauffeur in Vienna was hired by the invading electronic hordes, and Barbara Walters arrived only after an advance team had plotted her moves as they do for a President. She came with a journalistic valet who carried notes, coats, pencils.

The luminescence in the Vienna Hilton, which housed most of the media contingent, sometimes was blinding. Cronkite and his wife Betsy strolled by. Heads craned, eyes brightened. That was just when John Chancellor had gone through and clustered spectators had nodded in recognition. Then Tom Brokaw was spied in a debonair pose on the winding staircase. And there were even some famous writers, like the legendary James B. ("Scotty") Reston, who trailed the aura of authority as they trod the byways of old Vienna in pursuit of drama.



Press corps grappling for credentials at Hofburg

It is calculated beyond any contradiction that there were 40 journalists for every genuine source of information. Had the government officials answered all the press requests they never would have had time to meet. There are a few melancholy figures who are afraid that maybe this depressing state of affairs is all but upon us. Heads of state will gather and do little more than be interviewed and appear on talk shows.

The Hollywood syndrome has reached CinemaScope dimensions since Kennedy's time. But when some of the Middle East negotiating was actually staged by the evening news we were very close to changing the nature of diplomacy. Vienna may have been that turning point.

The perception of how the two leaders talked and negotiated was clearly almost as important for U.S. domestic consumption as the document of SALT II. Try as hard as they might to stick to substance, the demands of "the show" had to be calculated by Carter and his purveyor of silver linings, Jerry Rafshoon. For Carter, for the U.S., for the world, just how the show plays over the air can be crucial. It is instant entertainment. It is the national security blanket.

The media budgets for summits now exceed in many respects that of the Government for the same occasion. Cameramen stake out every important site at exorbitant rates. ABC furnished its people with more badges than the Austrian police could claim. The briefing books assembled by TV research staffs were often better than those put out by the Government.

One evening during the proceedings, the popping of electronic lights and the crowding of Austrian reporters halted action while competitors rushed to see the reason for the stir. The cause was Pierre Salinger, the former J.F.K. press secretary and current TV man about Europe. On his 54th birthday an Austrian paper had sent a cake and champagne over to "Plucky," who was savoring a Havana cigar and shouting greetings to friends. At his side, almost unnoticed, was Jody Powell, Carter's press secretary.

Maybe the most revealing sign of all about the future occurred at the Vienna airport. Air Force One, our Boeing 707, a proud and beautiful lady who has seen a lot of history, rolled up to the ramp. Spotlights played on the Presidential Seal, but there was a faint feeling of anticlimax. Just before Carter arrived, the media plane had emptied its army. For the first time since Presidents have been flying, Air Force One was in a shadow. The media came on a gorgeous Pan Am 747.

*To replenish low U.S. stockpiles, in May the Carter Administration announced a "temporary" subsidy of \$5 per bbl. for companies that import these products.

On Who Will Whip Whom

Carter and Kennedy duel over competing health plans

The Congressmen could hardly believe their ears. Joining a small group of legislators attending a White House dinner, the President was asked the inevitable question about Ted Kennedy and made an altogether unexpected reply. "Excuse me, what did you say?" asked a startled William Brodhead of Michigan. "I don't think the President wants to repeat what he said," interjected a worried Toby Moffett of Connecticut. "Yes I do," said a cocky Jimmy Carter—and then stated again, loud and clear, "If Kennedy runs, I'll whip his ass."

Rather mild by Nixon-tape stan-

something resembling an affordable cost.

Kennedy has long tried to make the issue his own by advocating a comprehensive program giving medical insurance to everyone, regardless of age, income or state of health. Carter last week struck back by describing the less comprehensive but still sweeping bill that the Administration will send to Congress shortly. Main features:

- No family with at least one member employed would have to pay more than \$2,500 a year in total medical expenses. Employers would have to provide a standard package of medical-insurance ben-

they pleased, but the Administration hopes that wide publicity given to the maximum Healthcare charges would curb their other bills.

In addition to its other coverage, the Administration estimates that the plan, which would go into effect in 1983, would protect 80 million Americans who have no insurance against devastating medical costs. Price for the total package: \$24.3 billion a year at first—\$18.2 billion to the Government, \$6.1 billion to employers.

Carter was making news, but Kennedy's shadow loomed over the occasion. The President's aides estimated that the Senator's comprehensive plan would cost a staggering \$63.8 billion a year to the Government and employers, just for openers. It makes more sense, said Carter, to make a start with a less sweeping plan. HEW Secretary Joseph Califano observed that there was no more chance of getting a program like Kennedy's through Congress "than putting an elephant through a keyhole."

Later Kennedy held a jam-packed press conference to brand the President's proposal as inadequate, inflationary and dangerous. His own plan, the Senator noted, would fix doctor and hospital charges for everybody, the President's only for Healthcare patients. Thundered Kennedy: "This step is a regressive one, inconsistent with the goal of a truly single-class health care system. By failing to set a national budget, by failing to control doctors' fees in the private sector, by perpetuating two separate and unequal systems of care, the President's plan may well become the straw that breaks the back of the American health care system."

His own plan, Kennedy said, would cost Americans "only" \$35.7 billion a year net; he arrived at that figure by subtracting from the federal and employer tab of \$63.8 billion the sum of \$28.1 billion which he claims the nation would save in medical bills. On the same basis, Carter's plan would save \$6 billion, reducing its net cost to \$18.3 billion. The Senator claimed that the eventual cost of the fuller scheme that the President promised to work for would be \$60 billion a year.

The debate might seem like shadow-boxing. Congressional leaders agree that neither Carter's nor Kennedy's plan has an elephant's chance of slipping through a Congress that is pinching pennies and looking forward nervously to the 1980 elections. At minimum, however, the Carter-Kennedy battle will keep the issue alive until the primaries begin. And if Kennedy does decide to square off against Carter, the health plan that sounds better to Democratic voters may have a say in deciding who whips whom.

*Kennedy promptly sent Califano an assemblage of a small, fuzzy pink elephant easily slipping through a keyhole in white poster-board paper. The scrawled note at the bottom: "Joe, it looks to me like it fits. Ted June 1979."



Califano displaying gag gift from Senator Kennedy

The Congressmen could hardly believe it, but it is much more than shadowboxing.



The donor plugging own health plan

dards, perhaps, but coming from the "born-again" Christian from Plains, Ga., the remark touched off a furor that newspapers and TV stations had a hard time deciding how to handle (see PRESS). Far from being embarrassed, White House aides were proud of the boss's feistiness. Indeed, they encouraged Congressmen to confirm Carter's words. Kennedy roared with laughter when he heard about Carter's crack, and later joked, "I always knew the White House would stand behind me, but I didn't realize how close they would be." Funny enough, but Kennedy also said: "If I were to run, which I don't intend to, I would hope to win."

The dustup had its serious side: the increasingly acerbic Carter-Kennedy rivalry is coloring important national issues. Last week's example was the key question of how the nation can extend adequate health care to every American at

costs for workers and their families, and pay at least 75% of the cost. Employees would pay the rest, but federal subsidies of \$1.6 billion would hold down premiums for both workers and bosses.

► The Federal Government would pick up all basic health costs for everyone whose income falls below a certain figure—roughly \$4,200 for a family of four—and the costs of prenatal care for all mothers. The Government would pay for all care for infants in the first year of life, regardless of family income.

► Medicare for the aged and Medicaid assistance for the poor would be merged into a single, more generous "Healthcare" program; for example, no elderly person now on Medicare would have to pay more than \$1,250 a year for treatment.

► Doctors' fees to Healthcare patients would be fixed by the Government. Physicians could charge other patients what

Sanctions Stay

But the Senate battles Carter on Zimbabwe-Rhodesia

For Jimmy Carter, as for any politician, it is a happy issue that combines both moral principle and political calculation. The President believes the elections that installed a black majority government in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia could not be called "either fair or free," largely because they were held under a constitution that reserves a disproportionate share of power for the white minority. Carter thus had a moral reason when he decided not to lift the economic sanctions that prevent the U.S. from buying Rhodesian chrome. Politically, moreover, the maintaining of sanctions puts the U.S. on the side of black Africa, and, as a bonus, scores points with American blacks who feel that Carter has been ignoring them. The President's judgment on that score was confirmed only two hours after he announced the decision to continue sanctions. He mingled with 800 black musicians and their friends on the White House lawn, and for the first time in months was surrounded by applauding blacks.

But nothing comes easy for Carter these days, not even making his decision stick on a secondary issue of foreign policy that Congress in happier times would have been content to leave to the President. Last week the Senate voted 52-41 in favor of a measure sponsored by Virginia's Harry Byrd to lift the sanctions. South Carolina Republican Strom Thurmond caught the mood of the Senate's conservatives when he thundered that the guerrilla movements "are armed and guided by the Soviet Union, China, Cuba and other Communist states. We must not give aid or comfort to guerrillas who would overthrow a democratic government and install a Marxist government."

Moreover, the Senate tacked that de-



Byrd arguing for dealings with Rhodesia

If Zambia can trade, why not the U.S.?

mand onto a \$40 billion weapons-procurement bill, making it more difficult for Carter to veto the package. Nonetheless, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance warned emphatically that the President would kill the measure, and White House aides were quick to point out that the 41 votes for the President's position were seven more than needed to sustain a veto.

In fact, Congress is unlikely to push the issue that far. The Administration's position has more support in the House, which will soon vote on a bill to let the President continue sanctions until he has determined that genuine majority rule exists in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. The measure has a good chance of passage. Even if that proposal is defeated, the House Armed Services Committee has proposed a weapons-procurement bill that says nothing about sanctions. Odds are that a House-

Senate conference called to reconcile the two versions of the arms bill would drop the Senate's rider, rather than force Carter into a veto that could not be overridden, and that would oblige Congress to pass the vital weapons bill a second time.

For all that, the question of how long the U.S. will maintain sanctions remains open, and Carter left himself a conspicuous out: he promised to watch the Zimbabwe-Rhodesia government's "progress toward... more legitimate and genuine majority rule," send a U.S. diplomat to Salisbury to monitor that effort and consult monthly with Congress on the issue. Carter purposefully left vague the question of what sort of action would satisfy the U.S.; indeed, he specifically rejected a recommendation that he spell out conditions under which sanctions might be lifted.

Essentially, that formula tosses the ball to the new British government of Tory Margaret Thatcher. The British, who began the imposition of economic sanctions against their former colony, are trying to set up a conference that would bring together the government of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia and its black guerrilla opponents. If such a conference makes some progress, or the British decide to lift their sanctions, Carter could gracefully follow London's lead.

Meanwhile, the sanctions began breaking down in an unlikely place: the neighboring black African nation of Zambia, a sanctuary for one of the guerrilla groups, which last week held talks with the government of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia about opening their borders. Zambia's motive was one of desperate self-interest. The nation is critically short of food, cannot import enough by rail, and needs additional supplies that can best be trucked in from South Africa through Zimbabwe-Rhodesia.

Nonetheless, Zambia's action is sure to give foes of sanctions a new argument: If an incontestably black government can deal with Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, why should not the U.S. and Britain?

If You Can't Stand the Heat

The White House has been in a sweat for months over a number of issues, but none stickier than a situation that can be traced to the good intentions of the President. On April 10, determined to set a fuel-saving example, Carter sent a memo to the General Services Administration, the Government's housekeeper, asking that thermostats in all federal buildings be set no lower than 80°. He ended up being too conscientious in Washington's long and sultry summer: high temperatures and humidity have frequently turned the White House into a steam bath.

Aide Hamilton Jordan tried to cope with one sweltering day by throwing open his high windows, which allowed him to

spend part of his time waving at passersby. Preparing for the Vienna summit, secretaries in the office of Zbigniew Brzezinski, National Security Adviser, doused all their lights to reduce the heat. One senior White House official, after closing his door so no one would see, tried to jimmy his thermostat, which was locked at 80°. He broke it.

Carter worked in his shirtsleeves. His problem was aggravated because the staff had sealed the windows of the Oval Office to combat a second problem: mice scampering over the low window ledges. "How can people say rats are deserting this ship?" quipped one White House wag.

To get some relief, the President now goes to Camp David almost every free weekend, often leaving Washington as early as 1 or 2 p.m. on Fridays. Nobody dares suggest what Carter needs most of all: fans.

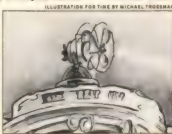


ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY MICHAEL FRIEDMAN

Nation

Blaming the FAA

Burton blasts Bond on DC-10s

As the hearing went on, the chairman began raging at the bland, measured responses of Federal Aviation Administrator Langhorne Bond. The more he heard, the angrier waxed California Congressman John Burton, chairman of a House subcommittee on transportation. The result was a hot clash on an urgent question that demands cold analysis if it is to be resolved: Has the FAA done all that it can and should do to prevent another DC-10 air disaster?

"There appears to be too little ability in the FAA to deal with a crisis such as the DC-10 crash," Burton charged, referring to the deaths, now placed at 273, near Chicago's O'Hare International Airport on the Memorial Day weekend. Unruffled, Bond read a twelve-page statement recounting his agency's actions since the accident and concluding: "I sincerely believe, Mr. Chairman, that we have acted responsibly and promptly to assure the safety of the flying public."

Waving his glasses and glaring, Burton accused Bond of moving too slowly to ground the DC-10. At one point, Burton rose from his chair and shouted, "Jesus Christ, just who is in charge over there anyway?" Later the chairman produced a copy of a report from the FAA's regional office in Los Angeles, dated June 1, which noted that the flange on the aft bulkhead of the engine pylon—a part suspect in the DC-10 crash—may have cracked under stress. Bond admitted he had not seen the report, Burton stood again and declared acidly, "It would be helpful to the public if you read your own documents where they relate to the public's safety."

If Bond was hectoring by the committee, his performance, bordering at times on the evasive, added to the growing suspicion in the aviation community that the

FAA, for all its vigilance in the past, had not been properly supervising the maintenance procedures used on the DC-10. Before appearing on the Hill, Bond ordered a precautionary inspection of the engine pylon mountings on three other wide-bodied jets operated in the U.S.: the Boeing 747, Lockheed L-1011 TriStar and the European-built A300 Airbus.

Bond's—and the FAA's—problems are far from over. This week Burton's subcommittee will call Bond to testify about the DC-10's hydraulic system, thought to have played a critical role in the crash. Later, a House aviation subcommittee will begin hearings into the development of the plane that caused the nation's biggest air disaster. Properly conducted, the hearings may reveal a great deal about the weaknesses of the FAA, as well as the DC-10.

Cops' Co-Op

Civil libertarians fear police data exchange

"What have you got on this guy?" Police departments have always asked this question of each other, and very often of the FBI, as they look for information that will help an investigation. In 1956 some departments, frustrated by their inability to get data from the cautious FBI, began setting up an organization known as the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit to share their files on a more systematic basis. Almost unknown to outsiders, L.E.I.U. has since acquired a membership of 227 state and local police departments in the U.S. and Canada. Now, like the FBI a few years ago, L.E.I.U. is being criticized by civil libertarians who suspect it of spreading vague suspicions about citizens who may have done nothing worse than champion unpopular political causes.

In theory, L.E.I.U. is a private fraternal association of police officials who keep tabs on organized-crime figures and their associates. But the organization is supported entirely by public funds, including \$36,000 from California and \$2 million contributed in the past by the federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. The man behind the founding of the cooperative was former Los Angeles Police Chief William Parker, who feuded with FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, and its headquarters are in California's department of justice. There L.E.I.U. keeps computerized card files on 4,000 people. For \$350 in annual fees, a police department can ask for information on any of the 4,000; for an extra \$300, it can get copies of all the cards.

Hugh Allen, the L.E.I.U. coordinator in the state's department of justice, can cite no convictions of major organized crime figures as a result of the agency's activities. He maintains, however, that in-



L.E.I.U. Critic Linda Valentino

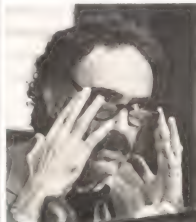
Fears of reputations casually abused.

formation obtained by L.E.I.U. helped federal authorities return Mafia figures Salvatore and Joseph Bonanno Jr. to prison for parole violations in 1978. Allen justifies the organization's activities by saying that it concentrates on preventing crime by alerting local police to watch the activities of organized-crime figures closely.

Though L.E.I.U. may focus on the Mafia, it has a disturbingly casual approach to what constitutes dangerous or suspicious activity, as shown by some of its file cards that have become public. Under the heading of "criminal activities," one card noted that a subject "travels extensively." Another card listed former California State Senator Nathan Holden as an "associate" of a member of the Black Panther Party. The only association was that Holden had once been the landlord of a Black Panther.

Some 400 of L.E.I.U.'s cards have been obtained by Chicago Civil Rights Lawyer Richard Guttman as a result of a still pending class-action suit he filed against the Chicago police department in 1974, charging the force with politically motivated surveillance and harassment that was unconstitutional. Guttman admits that most of the cards cover the activities of suspected criminals, but he says that 64 bear information that is basically political. One card described a former University of Washington professor as a "Marxist scholar ... present at many demonstrations in Seattle," none of which has anything to do with the Mafia.

Charles Casey, an official of the California department of justice, concedes that L.E.I.U. once collected political intelligence but says it has stopped and is try-



Subcommittee Chairman John Burton
Charges of laxness against the FAA.

LEVERAGE: MAKING MONEY WITH MONEY.



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a little money can control valuable property
doesn't always take a lot of money to make a lot of money.

money making machine. Why? Because
which later may sell for a big profit. So it

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equity in a business, stocks, cars...you know, assets. Then, because real estate values
have traditionally held or grown, the people in banks and savings institutions will
lend you money to buy your property. And they put up much more than you do.
Beautiful.

Of course you pay them interest, but your new property
may grow in value faster than the cost of your loan. So when you
sell, they get their money back, and you may come out the
winner. That kind of money power is called leverage.

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"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine. FILTER, MENTHOL.
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

Nation

ing to purge its files of those cards. Indeed, L.E.I.U. virtuously maintains that it kicked out the Houston police department for political spying. The Houston version is that it dropped out because it wanted no part of the political intelligence gathering requested by L.E.I.U.

Civil libertarians have other gripes about L.E.I.U. Linda Valentino, who has investigated the network for the American Friends Service Committee, points out that L.E.I.U. cards are based on arrest records, with no notation of the disposition of the case; thus a card might state that a subject had been arrested but fail to note that the case against him had been dropped or the person acquitted. Worse, if L.E.I.U. receives a query about someone on whom it has no information, it will automatically start a file on that person. Casey claims that files are scrapped if no solid information shows up in a year.

Just what does go on in L.E.I.U. is difficult to pin down because of one important and disturbing point: although L.E.I.U. is financed by public funds, it is not now subject to any kind of public check on its activities.

Doing It His Way

Texas preacher favors conviction over compassion

For the past six years, Lester Roloff has been waging a battle against the state of Texas. A fiery Bible-quoting, fundamentalist preacher, Roloff, 65, believes devoutly in the separation of church and state, so much so that he has repeatedly refused to allow inspection and licensing of his three child-correction homes in Texas, part of his multimillion-dollar evangelical empire. He has thundered defiance on his daily radio programs, broadcast over 180 stations to his supporters. "They want me to be licensed by a failing infidel system," he has claimed. "I'm tired of this bunch of rattlesnakes chewing on me."

Roloff fought for his convictions in court, and even went to jail for his beliefs. To no avail. Last Wednesday, the state district court ordered that the three homes be licensed or else closed and the children turned over to the Texas department of human resources, unless Roloff complies with state law this week.

At the heart of the controversy is the Rebekah Home for Girls, a facility for wayward girls that Roloff founded in 1957. The two-story, white brick building is located next to Roloff's own two-story stone house on his 567-acre compound near Corpus Christi. Rebekah's 150 residents have been sent to Roloff by parents around the country, and their expenses are largely paid by Roloff's "People's Church." The girls wear uniforms and spend about four hours a day in rigorous religious training, in addition to studying

academic courses that are heavily weighted with fundamentalist beliefs. TV, radio, rock music and eye makeup are banned.

Former "prostitutes, runaways and dopers," as Roloff describes them, the girls seem to be models of reform. He claims a success rate of 90%, "better than anything else in the country." Many, after the normal stay of one year, become born-again Christians. They talk of being "witnesses for the Lord" and punctuate conversations with "Amen." Says Judy Burnett, 16, who came to the home from Dallas: "I didn't like it here at first because I still had sin in my heart. Now I love it."

But there is an Old Testament harshness to the Rebekah regime. The windows have alarms. The rooms are bugged, and the girls are kept under constant surveillance. Mail is censored. Errant inmates

have parents who couldn't cope," recalls Lynn Taylor, a former special assistant attorney general. "The state had a right to protect those kids."

Then in April a far more sinister story surfaced. The Corpus Christi *Call-Times* reported that in July 1978 a girl named Misty Hardman, 16, had been stabbed by other Rebekah residents in an attempted murder. Their motive, the girls told the paper, was to cause a scandal that would force authorities to close the home. The girl survived, and Roloff never reported the incident. Instead, he paddled the culprits and locked them in solitary confinement for two days to three weeks. Roloff later claimed that the assailants were all "saved" by his treatment, and indeed the girls, whom he lovingly referred to as "my five little murderers," all had only praise for their leader. A



Evangelist Roloff and residents of his Rebekah Home for Girls near Corpus Christi

"I'm tired of this bunch of rattlesnakes chewing on me."

are given "licks" with wooden paddles; serious offenders, like those who try to run away, are tied up or put in solitary confinement "lock-ups" for days. "We're not dealing with kids who got caught fooling around in church choir practice, you know," says Roloff.

The state might never have bothered with him except that tales of excessive punishment kept surfacing from some of his thousands of alumnae. In 1973 the state attorney general's office ordered an investigation, alleging that Roloff's residents were sometimes beaten black and blue, or tied to toilets for days. Roloff refused to admit the inspectors.

Contempt of court citations came in 1974 and 1976, along with a \$33,000 fine and even short jail sentences. Still Roloff refused to let state officials in. "Some of these kids had done nothing worse than

county grand jury is now considering bringing charges against the girls.

Shortly after the news broke, newly elected Governor William Clements, whom Roloff had supported during his campaign, kept an earlier promise to tour the home and emerged to call the preacher "a man of great conviction." Nonetheless, the state filed the suit that it won in court last week, forcing Roloff to submit to the licensing procedures or have his facilities closed down.

Roloff appears to have little legal recourse. The U.S. Supreme Court refused last October to hear one of the earlier contempt charges. "The courts are trying to shoot the Holy Spirit out of the saddle," said the enraged preacher. He does not plan to give in, even though it means the closing of his homes. Proclaims Lester Roloff: "My conviction is greater than my compassion."

Americana



Planting a Seed

When the gasoline began to run out and the prices to run up, Herbert O'Dell Smith, 64, agreed to do his bit for the energy crisis. A professional stunt man, he had earned his nickname of "Digger O'Dell" by allowing himself to be buried alive for various ventures. He was campaigning underground for President Carter in Columbia, S.C., in 1976 when he had a heart attack that prompted his retirement.

But to dramatize the gas crunch, the Digger agreed to be buried at Mack's Mobile Homes lot on Highway 280 in Phenix City, Ala. "I'm not coming up till gas prices come down," said Digger. Then, wearing a T shirt and pajama bottoms, he climbed into his temporary coffin (6 ft. long and 32 in. wide and high, with a septic tank below and a viewing periscope above that doubled as a dumbwaiter for Digger's food). He was covered by 6 ft. of earth and 4 in. of concrete. Two telephones, a radio and a television, as well as the periscope, connected him to the outside world. "I'm just one person, but I'm telling it like it is," he would say. "We don't have a gas shortage, we've got a gas wastage."

Unfortunately for Digger, however, gas prices kept going up—and so did his blood pressure. Last week, only ten days into his stint, he was ordered unearthened by his doctor. "I'm convinced the seed I planted will be cultivated," proclaimed the haggard Digger. Then he headed back to Cumming, Ga., to tend to the tomatoes on his farm.

Like a Lead Balloon

Question: You are a miner. The Government has ordered you to attend a safety clinic, but has not paid you \$500 in travel expenses. You are asked to take a multiple-choice quiz designed to relax the group. But it turns out that questions are based on off-color jokes. Given these facts, you:

A) Snigger delightedly.
B) Refuse to take the quiz and walk out of the room.

C) Send a furious letter of protest to Washington.

Answer: C. Republican Senator Malcolm Wallop of Wyoming said one of his constituents had found the test "disgusting." The Senator demanded an explanation from the Department of Labor, which incorporates the Mine Safety and Health Administration. Answered Assistant Labor Secretary Robert Lagatner: "This test is not part of the instructor course. I was as shocked and disturbed as you were." Lagatner recommended a 30-day suspension without pay for the instructor who had used the quiz. Just for good measure, however, Wallop had the exam read into the *Congressional Record*, where presumably its vulgarity will serve as a good example of a bad joke on the taxpayers.

Wear It in Good Health

The policemen's softball team in Jacksonville is raising money to play in a tournament in New Orleans by selling, for \$5 each, pastel T shirts decorated with a drawing of "Old Sparky," the Florida electric chair, and bearing the legend 1 DOWN, 133 TO GO. The reference is to the recent execution of John Spenkellink and the 133 people left on death row in Florida. So far, 2,500 T shirts have been sold and orders—including some from lawyers and judges—have come in from all 50 states and from as far away as Australia.

Getting the Navy's Goats

Call it the Battle of San Clemente and give the edge to the goats over the Navy. The strange struggle began in 1973 when the Navy started to deport the wild goat population from the small island of San Clemente, located off the coast of Southern California, that it uses for target practice. The reason, according to the Navy, was that the goats were nibbling their way through the island's four endangered plants (the bushmallow, broom, larkspur and paintbrush).



Over the next three years, the Navy sold about 16,500 goats to ranchers and stockyards. But 1,300 nimble and wily survivors retreated into a rugged, mountainous area that is full of live ordnance from target practice. In two short years, 1,300 fecund goats became more than 3,000, and the Navy decided to get rid of them by "selective shooting from a helicopter."

No way, said the Fund for Animals and the Animal Defense Council, which got an injunction barring the assault. The Navy can now obey the court, appeal the order, or decide that it has better things to do than make martyrs out of goats.

Money Down the Drain

Chicago's sanitation engineers have dug themselves into a hole so deep that they are having trouble getting out. In 1976 giant mechanical moles began work on the largest public works project in the nation: 131 miles of tunnel shafts, reservoirs and pumping stations. The network was designed to drain off rainwater and thus combat sewer backup and subsequent flooding of basements



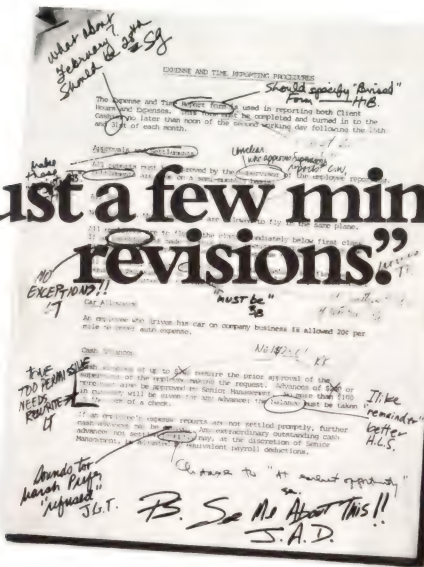
and overflow into the area's reservoirs.

But Deep Tunnel, as it is known, has turned into a bottomless pit. The deeper it goes, the more money it costs, and the sharper the questions about the wisdom of the venture. The excavation, which is about 10% dug, is useless unless it is finished. But it will take the next 20 years to complete and cost \$11 billion. What's more, it cannot operate without an additional \$1.6 billion in hook-up costs for the 150 communities involved, and they do not have the money.

Illinois Senator Charles Percy, among others, wonders if the whole grandiose scheme is worth it, particularly since the Federal Government has been stuck with 75% of the total cost. When Percy asked the General Accounting Office to evaluate the system, it produced a six-volume report recommending that the Federal Government pull out because of the project's high costs and dubious effect.

As the studies pile up (154 to date), and federal money pours in, Deep Tunnel just keeps tunneling deeper. Meanwhile, housewives in one Chicago suburb resorted to their own program to keep the sewers from flooding: they covered the inlets with worn-out throw rugs during a downpour. Worked fine.

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Guerrilla with a hunting rifle fighting in Masaya



As fighting worsens, national guardsmen, advancing by foot and by armored

World

NICARAGUA

Sandinistas vs. Somoza

A "final offensive" throws country into chaos

It would be, the guerrillas vowed, their "final offensive," an all-out push that would topple Nicaragua's military strongman, President General Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza Debayle. Bands of well-armed insurgents of the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN) slipped across the border from Honduras and Costa Rica. The rebels first struck in half a dozen cities in the interior, bottling up government garrisons with torrents of bullets from Belgian-made automatic rifles. Then they moved into the capital of Managua, which had been paralyzed by a

general strike. While Somoza's air force wheeled overhead, raining down barrages of machine-gun fire, the Sandinistas* fought their way to within blocks of the President's fortified command bunker, where the mustachioed dictator was directing a desperate counterattack.

As the offensive began, government forces reeled before the onslaughts of the Sandinistas and their allies: disaffected urban teen-agers known as *los muchachos*. Firing from barricades built of street paving stones (made by a company that Somoza controls), the guerrillas forced small government outposts in La Trinidad and San Isidro to surrender. A major battle shaped up in León, Nicaragua's second largest city (pop. 44,000), where the Sandinistas surrounded a national guard installation, drew up a captured armored car and prepared to storm the garrison.

Somoza's forces fought back with savage efficiency. His strategy was to let the Sandinistas take temporary control of the cities, "using up their ammunition first," then to deliver a devastating counterpunch of firepower. Such tactics made a huge toll of innocent noncombatants inevitable. In the bloodiest fighting of a civil war that has simmered along for 18 months, many thousands died, most of



Refugees fleeing Matagalpa

Many died, but Tacho did not compromise.



*The group takes its name from Augusto Cesar Sandino, a guerrilla leader assassinated in 1934 on the order of Somoza's father, who founded the dynasty that has ruled Nicaragua for 46 years.



vehicle, conduct a clean-up action along the main street of Masaya



Brandishing weapons, Sandinistas racing to a gunbattle in Managua

them civilians. Carrying white flags, at least 200,000 refugees poured out of the *barrios* in Managua, Leon, Masaya and Matagalpa to escape the indiscriminate raids by government T-33 jets, rocket-equipped Cessnas and lumbering C-47 "Puff the Magic Dragon" gunships. "I really think Somoza is trying to kill every able-bodied Nicaraguan," concluded a wealthy businessman in Managua.

The skirmishing in the countryside was less conclusive. National guardsmen intercepted 350 Sandinistas as they crossed the border from Costa Rica; the government claimed that 120 of the insurgents were killed and the remainder forced to flee back across the border. Despite that setback, a column of vehicles carrying 300 guerrillas approached the town of Rivas in southeastern Nicaragua at week's end. Their objective, charged Foreign Minister Julio C. Quintana, was to declare Rivas the capital of a liberated zone and "seek international recognition" for an alternative government.

The violence touched off a mass exodus of foreign nationals. Somoza permitted a U.S. Air Force transport plane to land at the airstrip near his seaside villa at Montelimar, 40 miles from the capital, and provided an escort of national guardsmen, reinforced by armed U.S. Marines, to protect fleeing Americans. By week's end about 290 American citizens had departed on four evacuation flights.

The chaos wrought by the fighting was aggravated by severe shortages of food and water and an electric-power blackout. Unable to purchase food at stores shuttered by the general strike, thousands of Managuans turned to looting. People were seen carrying away sides of beef, cases of rum, huge bags of coffee and flour. "We will exchange what we have for what we need later," one woman looter ex-



President Somoza

plained. "We had nothing before." Swigging bottles of stolen beer, Somoza's guardsmen tried to direct the looters toward stores owned by opponents of the regime. Other shopkeepers simply threw their doors open to the pillagers, hoping that they could at least dissuade the mobs from destroying expensive equipment. Said a poultry dealer after the pillagers stole more than 42,000 chickens: "I no longer have feed. The poor people can have them."

The mounting carnage served only to strengthen Somoza's determination to hang onto the presidency. "I have no reason to abandon my constitutional post," he declared from his bunker last week. The uprising, Somoza maintained, "was the work of Cuba and Panama," which he claimed had armed and trained the guerrillas. To prove the point, Somoza brandished the identification papers of three Panamanians, including a former Deputy Minister of Health, who was said to have been slain last week by national guardsmen near the Costa Rican border.

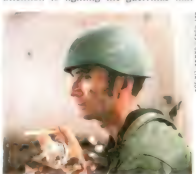
There was in fact some truth in Somoza's charges. Among those helping the Sandinistas were 80 members of an "international brigade" of Panamanians. But Somoza's argument that the armed rebellion was nothing more than a Communist conspiracy was rejected by foreign diplomats. They attribute the anger of Somoza's opposition to his ruthless suppression of all political dissent.

Opposition to Somoza has been hardening since the murder in early 1978 of Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, editor of the stridently antigovernment Managua daily *La Prensa*, which was burned to the ground last week by Somoza's troops. The resentment flared into a full-fledged civil

war in which at least 2,000 died after a Sandinista force led by the now legendary Comandante Cero (zero) briefly seized the National Palace in Managua last fall. Since then political moderates have reluctantly rallied to the Sandinista cause. As one businessman told *TIME* Correspondent Bernard Diederich: "If the FSLN wins I don't know what our fate will be, but frankly I would rather see Somoza leave now and worry about that later."

But Somoza has no disposition for compromise. Earlier this year he curtly rejected a U.S. proposal for a plebiscite to decide his government's future. Moderates argue that since the U.S. was instrumental in putting Somoza's family in power, Washington should do more to force him to step aside. They charge that a cutoff of military and economic assistance ordered by Washington to back up its proposal was a futile gesture that could have little impact on a "feudal" leader like Somoza.

Events have seemingly justified the moderates' pessimism. Somoza has beefed up his national guard from 8,100 to more than 12,000 men and armed them with Israeli assault rifles and machine pistols. The national guard has devoted so much attention to fighting the guerrillas that



Guardsman during lull in the combat
Taking a toll of innocent civilians

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THE 1979 PONTIAC  OUR BEST GET BETTER

World

common criminals have had a field day.

The Sandinistas have also increased their numbers, to about 3,000, and improved their arsenal by purchasing large quantities of Belgian FAL assault rifles and rocket launchers on the international weapons market. In preparation for the latest offensive, students, factory workers and barrio activists in the clandestine United People's Movement, the Sandinistas' political arm, urged Nicaraguans to stockpile food, water and medicine. When the fighting erupted in Managua, many residents followed the Movement's advice and left their doors unlocked so that harried guerrillas could find refuge inside their homes.

What worries Nicaragua's neighbors is that the fighting might spill over the country's borders if Somoza's air force attacks Sandinista bases in Costa Rica or if he calls on his fellow military dictators in El Salvador and Guatemala for troops. Last month Mexico's President, José López Portillo, severed relations with Somoza; a spokesman for the government said that "if Mexican volunteers wish to assist in the defense of Costa Rica, they are perfectly free to act as they wish." Last week representatives from the Andean Group, an association of five Latin American nations (Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Venezuela) flew to Managua to negotiate a truce. Their efforts at mediation were rebuffed by Somoza.

The U.S. has also been unable to halt the fighting. Washington fears that a Sandinista victory might usher in a Communist government. Nonetheless the Carter Administration, which is still concerned about human rights, has renewed pressure on Somoza to step down so that moderates can build a democratically elected government. Declared Secretary of State Cyrus Vance: "We've told President Somoza we believe that a political solution is necessary to resolve the problem in Nicaragua and that if the political problem is not resolved, the chances of a radical solution developing are greater." There seems little chance that Somoza will heed Washington's latest entreaty any more attentively than he has followed its advice in the past. Says an opposition leader: "He wants a victory, not a political solution."

At week's end Somoza appeared on national television, imploring his countrymen to lay down their arms. "We have to confront the situation with calm," he urged. "We never thought there would be so much pillaging and disorder. I never thought people would have to suffer the embarrassment of taking things to feed their children." He added a poignant coda: "Please don't force me to apply the law because above all I love my citizens." That provoked an ironic comment from a Nicaraguan businessman. Said he: "Somoza must be mad." The diagnosis, sadly, could be applied not only to the strongman, but to much of his country as well. ■

BRITAIN

Maggie's Bold New Budget

The Tories cut income taxes—and risk inflation

Campaigner Margaret Thatcher promised to cut taxes and reduce government spending. Prime Minister Thatcher last week began to live up to those promises. As Labor M.P.s in the House of Commons jeered, Thatcher's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, presented a tough new budget that was designed, he said, "to restore incentives and make it more worthwhile to work."

The budget reduces the highest income tax rates (for those earning a net income of more than \$50,000) from 83% to 60%; the standard rate will drop from

65%. That calculated benevolence may not be of much help to many Britons as they try to cope with a new round of inflation. Jenkin candidly admitted that the new budget will result in an increase of the annual rate from 10.3% to 17.5% by next November. Thus many who will benefit from the changed tax structure may find their gains eroded by higher inflation.

Labor politicians and their allies in the trades unions were appalled by the budget. Former Prime Minister James Callaghan called it "unfair, unjust, inflationary—a reckless gamble." Shadow



London window-shoppers studying prices

Restored incentives, but also frantic buying and warnings of troubled times ahead



Howe with "box" containing new budget

Restored incentives, but also frantic buying and warnings of troubled times ahead

33% to 30%. Personal exemptions will be raised, effectively severing 1.3 million more Britons from the tax rolls. To replace the estimated \$9.5 billion in lost revenues from the reduced income tax, the budget calls for an increase in the value-added tax (VAT), a national sales levy that is applied to all but essential goods and services. VAT rates, which vary from 8% to 12.5%, will move up to 15%. That bad news triggered a rush to shops and department stores, as customers hurried to make purchases before the new rate goes into effect this week.

The Tories will trim \$3 billion from the Labor government's last budget, including aid to local governments for public housing and other programs. But Thatcher's Social Services Secretary, Patrick Jenkin, later offered a supplement to the budget that provided unexpectedly large increases in such personal benefits as old age pensions and maternity allowanc-

Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, anticipating a bitter round of contract negotiations and possible strikes at the end of the year, warned that "Britain faces a winter of discontent that would dwarf in its intensity anything we have known in the past."

Indeed, the threat of trouble from the unions put a damper even on businessmen's enthusiasm for the budget. One wealthy corporate executive called home to tell his wife to lay in an ample supply of gas for their camping stove, lest there be no fuel next winter in their Kensington flat. And in the two days after Howe delivered his budget message to Commons, the *Financial Times* stock index dropped 27 points. The Tories stoutly defended their drastic action. "This is a severe package," conceded John Biffen, Chief Secretary to the Treasury. "But the severity is made necessary by the situation we inherited." ■

EUROPE

Forum of Political Stars

Voters choose members for a new Parliament

Question: What do these people have in common: former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, French Health Minister Simone Veil, British Socialist Barbara Castle, Ulster's Protestant Minister Ian Paisley and Otto von Habsburg, eldest son of the last Austro-Hungarian Emperor?

Answer: Not much, except that they have all just won an election. Soon they will all be commuting to Strasbourg as mint-new members in the Parliament of the European Community, the world's first democratically elected international body.

general that trend has been toward a non-ideological centrism, as several countries over the past three years have turned out Socialist governments and opted for center-right or center-left coalitions. Experts cautioned about reading any clear signals into the voting. For one thing, all the successful major parties shared a general commitment to the idea of a more cohesive and active Europe. For another, many of the 180 million eligible voters were clearly bored, confused or irritated by elections to a new Parliament whose purpose was far from clear. In most coun-

tries, the vote totals were well below those normally attained in national elections.

In the 1981 French presidential campaign, the Chirac forces had won 22.6% to the Giscardians' 21.5%. Chirac's poor showing was a serious blow to his ambitions in the 1981 French presidential campaign. In Italy the poor showing by the Italian Communists the week before was reinforced. The Communists dropped below the psychologically important 30% they won in the national elections, to 29.6% in the Euro-elections. The Christian Democrats also fell from 38.3% in the national election to 36.5% in voting for the new Parliament. But they could boast that the local ticket headed by Emilio Colombo, outgoing Parliament president, rolled up an impressive total of 860,000 votes, thereby boosting his chances to continue in office at least during the new Parliament's important formative stages.

British Laborites, meanwhile, paid dearly for their years of ambivalent feelings about the Common Market. As former Prime Minister Harold Wilson noted all too aptly of some Labor leaders, "They would really have liked to campaign on the basis of pulling out of Europe." In an election that produced a voter turnout of only 32%, the Tories took 60 of the country's 81 seats, leaving the Laborites with only 17. Saddest of the losers were the Liberals. Though they gained 1.7 million votes, or 13.1% of the British total, the Liberals won no seats at all because Britain eschewed the proportional representation method of allotting seats that prevailed elsewhere.

Public posturing and backroom politicking began within hours after the results were in. The first matter on the agenda when the new Parliament convenes in Strasbourg on July 17 will be the choice of a president. Willy Brandt, who campaigned across the continent for his Socialist colleagues, had been considered the leading contender. In view of the center-right's strong showing, Veil was being touted by supporters as a more fitting choice. Former Belgian Premier Leo Tindemans, who heads the Parliament's powerful Christian Democratic group, meanwhile, was bidding for the informal post of majority leader of the coalition.

The old Parliament met ten or twelve times a year. The new members expect to work harder, and will be paid the same salaries they would have received as members of their national legislative bodies (which vary widely), plus travel allowances. These could prove to be considerable if the Parliament sticks to its plan to hold half its monthly plenary sessions in Strasbourg, the other half in Luxembourg and nearly all committee meetings in Brussels. But the political heavyweights are already chafing about that idea. Brandt, for one, in an initial show of parliamentary independence, declared that the seat for the new Parliament is its own business, "just as it is the most basic right of any family to decide where to live."



"Sorry I'm ten minutes late—I had to pop into work and count Britain's votes for the European elections."

Brandt, Veil and the heir to the non-existent Habsburg throne were not the only illustrious names to be chosen as members of a star-studded new political forum for Western Europe. Such notable party leaders as Italy's Communist chief Enrico Berlinguer, France's Socialist leader François Mitterrand and the Gaullists' Jacques Chirac also won election as the heads of their parties' lists of candidates. Some of them, though, were expected to yield their seats to underlings.

The new 410-member European Parliament replaces an outgoing assembly that was appointed by the governments of the nine Common Market nations. On paper, both old and new Parliaments have only limited consultative powers, but the potential for expansion lies in public hearings and budgetary scrutiny. The fact that its representatives are popularly elected and that many of them carry political clout at home should lend force to the new Parliament's recommendations.

Conducted in two days of balloting, the Euro-election results tended to confirm recent voting patterns in Britain, Italy and other West European states. In

tries the vote totals were well below those normally attained in national elections.

The Parliament's 111-member Socialist bloc came in a decided No. 2 to the center-right parties, even though it is larger than any one of them. If the three latter groups (the Christian Democrats of continental Europe, with 106 seats; the British and Danish Conservatives, with 63 seats; and the French, West German and Low Country Liberals, with 40) can come to a working alliance, they should be able to dominate the Parliament for its first five-year term. The Socialists publicly refused a common "popular front" with the 44 Communists and their allies, although on such pocketbook issues as prices and unemployment they may make common cause.

Parties with a particularly strong European commitment got out the vote and did better as a consequence. One notable victor was French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who in fact first proposed the idea for a Euro-election back in 1974. In the popular vote Giscard's *Union pour la Démocratie Française* outpolled Gaullist Leader Chirac's *Rassemblement pour*

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World

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Fleeing Hunger And Death

"There is no more Cambodia"

Not even the gloomiest Old Testament prophet could have imagined the scourges that have afflicted Cambodia. Nearly a decade of bloodshed and upheaval has left the country in ruins, its population decimated, its economy shattered. The countryside is still ravaged by a war between invading Vietnamese troops who support Hanoi's puppet regime of Heng Samrin in Phnom-Penh and diehard Khmer Rouge guerrillas loyal to ousted Premier Pol Pot.

Seeking refuge from the fighting, tens of thousands of hungry, homeless Cambodian peasants have fled to makeshift refugee camps in Thailand; columns of Khmer Rouge guerrillas have also crossed the border temporarily, to rest and regroup. The exodus has been building since mid-April, when six Vietnamese divisions launched a pre-monsoon offensive to eliminate Khmer Rouge pockets of resistance along the Thai border. Teng Sary, Deputy Premier in the Pol Pot regime, has accused the Vietnamese of practicing genocide and a scorched-earth policy in carrying out the relentless drive.

Uncertain of Viet Nam's long-term objectives in Cambodia, the Bangkok government fears that the conflict could spill over into Thailand; after a temporary cut-back during the border war with China in February, Vietnamese troop strength in Cambodia is on the rise again and may now involve as many as 200,000 men. Moreover, Thailand simply cannot cope with the new floodtide of escapes. Inundated by nearly 250,000 Indochinese refugees—80,000 Cambodians, 24,000 Vietnamese and 138,000 Laotians—Thailand says its facilities have been strained to the breaking point and its national security is threatened. Amid reports that as many as 300,000 Cambodians are still trying to reach their country, Thai officials last week took drastic action.

Thai soldiers gathered up about 40,000 people living in the makeshift border camps, put them aboard a fleet of buses, issued them enough rice, dried meat and fish to last them five days, and sent them back into the jungles of northern Cambodia's Preah Vihear province. The area chosen, which is near the point where the Thai, Cambodian and Laotian borders meet, was said to be relatively free of fighting. But the terrified refugees insist that the Khmer Rouge guerrillas are everywhere; they insist that thousands in the reverse exodus will die from the bullets of the guerrillas if not from starvation.

The Thai action coincided with a distinct hardening of attitudes all around Southeast Asia. Malaysia (with about



Cambodians bid a tearful farewell to each other before forced eviction from Thailand
Fears that thousands will die from bullets or starvation in a reverse exodus.

76,000 Vietnamese refugees) announced that it would force all refugees back into international waters and shoot anyone attempting to land. Indonesia (whose refugee population jumped by 7,000, to 31,500, in less than a week) said it would no longer grant even temporary asylum to the refugees. Hong Kong, which had been swamped in recent weeks not only by refugee "boat people" from Viet Nam but also by illegal immigrants from China, dispatched its Governor, Sir Murray MacLehose, to Britain and the U.S. to discuss the problem.

As the flow of Cambodian refugees swelled into a torrent, TIME Correspondent David DeVoss visited a troubled sector of southeastern Thailand, just across the border from the site of heavy fighting between the Vietnam-

ese and the Khmer Rouge. His report:

The residents of the tiny Thai border village of Klong Kwang in Trat province had just finished the spring fruit harvest when the Khmer Rouge column emerged from the jungle. Within an hour, 500 weary Khmers, black uniforms still slick with dew from the shoulder-high elephant grass, were squatting impassively next to stacks of rifles, ammunition and grenades. Remembering earlier atrocities committed by the Khmer Rouge against border residents, the villagers offered fresh fruit and ice cream to their uninvited guests.

Further to the south, 2,500 Cambodians, civilians as well as soldiers, poured across the frontier within two days. Thai patrols that climbed nearby Bantad Mountain to look for Cambodians in need of help reported that jungle trails were littered with abandoned rifles and other equipment. Pickup trucks used by the Thais to transport refugees were so busy hauling away confiscated weapons that Khmer Rouge troopers who had crossed over had to walk to designated transient camps.

In the adjoining province of Chanthaburi, 40,000 fleeing Cambodian civilians occupied three villages and refused to leave. To counter United Nations pressure in behalf of the new arrivals, Thais in the provincial capital, as well as in Trat province and Bangkok, organized demonstrations calling for the Cambodians' expulsion. "Cambodia is like a balloon filled with water," said the province's deputy governor, Samruan Vuthimanond. "We push people back here and they bulge across everywhere else." At times it appeared as if much of Cambodia's population—once 8 million, now perhaps only half that number—was seeking shelter in Thailand. "The land grows only death," said one refugee. "There is no more Cambodia."



Youth at refugee camp being punished by Khmer Rouge for stealing food

World



Israeli Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon meeting with residents of Elon Moreh settlement

MIDDLE EAST

Strange Way to Seek Peace

Israel builds yet another settlement on Arab land

Even for a parliament that is notoriously rowdy and undisciplined, one session of the Israeli Knesset last week was unusual. Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon, who is known as his country's "settlement czar," gleefully baited and ridiculed opposition members who attacked the Cabinet's decision to establish a new Jewish settlement at Elon Moreh on the occupied West Bank. Not only will the settlement be located, in part, on privately owned Arab land, opposition M.P.s argued, but it will also be within a mile of the populous Arab town of Nablus. Sharon blithely dismissed opponents of Elon Moreh as a "fifth column" bent on sabotaging the dreams of Zionism. When Labor Party members protested that accusation, Sharon snapped: "While you're heckling me here, we lay another meter of pipeline, another kilometer of road, and build another house." Infuriated, Labor Member Adial Amoraí screamed again and again at Sharon: "You're infantile!"

The debate reflected the emotion unleashed within Israel by the Cabinet's 8-5 decision on Elon Moreh, and especially by its timing. The action was announced only a few days before talks between Egypt and Israel on autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza Strip were scheduled to begin in Alexandria. U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance described the new settlement as a "hindrance to the peace process" and warned that the timing of the decision was "particularly inappropriate."

The Cabinet move came at a time when tensions between Jews and Arabs on the West Bank have been on the rise. In the past two months there have been a number of clashes between Palestinians and the settlers, in which several Arabs have been killed or injured. Israeli troops have been more active in cracking down on the Arabs than on the settlers. Bir Zeit University, one of three Arab institutions of higher learning on the West Bank, has been closed since May. When residents of Nablus staged a general strike to protest Elon Moreh, soldiers forced shopkeepers to reopen their stores. The old Israeli practice of demolishing the homes of suspected terrorists has been revived.

Many Israelis seem to agree with the West Bank Arabs that the Elon Moreh decision was particularly unfortunate. The independent Tel Aviv daily *Ha'aretz* observed that "it is difficult to imagine an act more injurious to Israel than the location, timing and circumstances of the establishment of the Elon Moreh settlement." Members of an organization called Peace Now, which was formed last year to encourage the government to make concessions to Egypt during the peace negotiations, rolled boulders onto a newly built road leading to the settlement.

Labor Party Chairman Shimon Peres last week attacked Premier Menachem Begin's proposal that autonomy should apply only to the Arab people of the West Bank and Gaza but not to the land in which they live. Warned Peres: "Even if

the autonomy plan succeeds and there is no frontier within Eretz Yisrael [the biblical land of Israel, including the West Bank], this will lead inevitably to the moral corruption of the nation." Columnist Meir Merhav, writing in the *Jerusalem Post*, lamented the repression of the West Bankers, concluding: "We are rapidly descending, rung by rung, the ladder of evil. The subjugation of another people is evil." But Begin answered that Israel's right to settle in Judea and Samaria, as he calls the West Bank, is a "vital security need to prevent the murder of our children."

The dispute over Elon Moreh inevitably affected the negotiations in Alexandria last week. Egyptian Premier Mustafa Khalil, who led his country's delegation, branded the creation of the new settlement "detrimental to the peace effort." The Cairo newspaper *al-Akhbar*, which frequently reflects government opinion, called on the U.S. to "cut Mr. Begin down to size and cut off the snake's head before it spits out its venom." In response, the leader of the six-man Israeli delegation, Interior Minister Yosef Burg, complained to his hosts that "talk about snakes and venom can be poisonous to our endeavors."

Elon Moreh was only one reason why the talks got off to a shaky start. The Egyptians were annoyed with Begin for having warned that if the Palestinians ever succeeded in setting up a state on the West Bank, the Israelis would disband it within 24 hours. They were also annoyed with Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, who is generally regarded as the Egyptians' favorite Israeli, for his threat that Israel would recapture the Sinai if the peace treaty broke down. Finally, the Egyptians were a bit upset that the Israeli government had chosen to send only its Interior Minister to head its delegation, while the Egyptians had sent their Premier. The choice of Burg, the Egyptians later decided, was Jerusalem's way of emphasizing the fact that it regards the West Bank and Gaza as part of Israel.

Before leaving Jerusalem, the Israeli delegation faced still another problem: it had been booked into Alexandria's unsuitably named Palestine Hotel, which happens to be the city's most modern inn. After a quick discussion, the Israelis decided it would be more politic to stay at the old San Stefano Hotel. Winston Churchill stopped there during World War II, and Richard Burton once ran up a memorable bill at the bar while he wooed Elizabeth Taylor during the filming of *Cleopatra*. The only trouble was that the San Stefano had neither air conditioning nor much protection against mosquitoes and flies. As they left for home a day later, some delegation members were heard to remark that the next time they would stay at the Palestine, and the name be damned. That struck some observers as the most significant progress of the session. ■

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World

UGANDA

After the Fall

Big Daddy's bankrupt state

Any remaining mystery concerning Big Daddy's whereabouts has apparently been resolved. The U.S. State Department last week confirmed earlier press releases that Uganda's Idi Amin Dada, who was driven into exile two months ago by a combination of Ugandan exiles and Tanzanian soldiers, has taken refuge in Libya, along with two of his wives, about 20 of his children and at least one concubine behind him, as **TIMI** Nairobi Bureau Chief David Wood discovered during a recent visit, the deposed dictator left a country on the brink of economic and political bankruptcy. Wood's report:

Tanzanian armed forces have reached the northernmost corners of Uganda, and the fighting by remnants of Idi Amin's army is over. But in the capital city of Kampala, the new government of President Yusefu Lule is hard pressed to maintain even a semblance of stability. Squabbling within the government, a hastily assembled coalition of often opposing tribal and ideological groups, is so heated that the new regime is barely able to address itself to the crucial problems of reconstruction.

At the center of the trouble is the rivalry between supporters and opponents

of former President Milton Obote, who was ousted by Amin in 1971 and has lived in exile in Tanzania ever since. Obote has remained there since Amin's overthrow, presumably because Lule and his colleagues felt that the ex-President's presence would have a disruptive effect on the new government. A week ago, Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere, godfather of sorts to the new regime in Kampala, called its leaders to Tanzania to talk over their differences. One result of the meeting is that Obote is apparently free, with Lule's approval, to return to Uganda and take part in rebuilding the country.

The collapse of Amin's rule set off an orgy of reprisals by northern tribesmen, especially the Acholi, whom Amin's forces had been killing by the thousands for years. In one grisly incident, a captured Ugandan soldier, his arms and feet bound, was suddenly attacked by a knife-wielding Acholi woman who slashed off his genitals, stuffed them in his mouth and then slit open his stomach. Taken into custody, she explained that she had waited five years to avenge the murder of her husband by agents of Amin's dread State Research Bureau, who had killed him in exactly the same way.

The Tanzanian force in Uganda numbers about 50,000. Tanzanian army officials say that fewer than 200 of their soldiers have been killed, compared with about 1,000 of Amin's troops and 300 to 400 of the Libyan soldiers that Strong-

man Muammar Gaddafi sent to Amin's aid. There are no reliable estimates of civilian casualties, but they were apparently low. The Tanzanian force has been reasonably well disciplined, though there have been repeated reports that soldiers, both Tanzanian and Ugandan, have been commandeering automobiles, looting houses and in a few cases killing civilians. Nyerere, who admitted that the war against Amin cost his country more than \$250 million, announced two weeks ago that his army would soon begin pulling out of Uganda. Some of his troops, however, would remain behind to help train the new Ugandan army. In Kampala, the withdrawal of the Tanzanian soldiers is a sticky issue. Though many Ugandans resent the presence of an occupation army, they realize that the Tanzanians are virtually the only security force in Kampala at the moment.

Perhaps no one is more hated in Uganda today than British-born Bob Astles, who was Idi Amin's most trusted aide. After Amin's fall, Astles fled to Kenya, where he was captured, interrogated and finally extradited to Uganda last week. When he learned that he would be sent back to Uganda, according to Kenyan authorities, Astles tried to escape by jumping from a window. But by the time he arrived in Uganda a few hours later to face a murder charge, Astles had regained his composure. Said he: "It's nice to be back. I know I will get justice. I'm not scared."



China's Killer Quake

Most of Tangshan's 1 million inhabitants lay sleeping in the early morning hours of July 28, 1976. Without warning, at 3:43 a.m., a massive earthquake ripped through the densely populated industrial center and left it a ruin of crumbled buildings, fallen smokestacks and heaps of rubble. Measuring 7.8 on the Richter scale, the quake leveled an area of 20 sq. mi., causing death and destruction without precedent in recorded history: as many as 750,000 are estimated to have died in the catastrophe.

Departing from their usual silence on such matters, Chinese officials recently disclosed some new details about the Tangshan disaster to a group of visiting American experts. More than 75% of Tangshan's 916 multistory buildings, which were not built to withstand quakes, were flattened or severely damaged by the temblor; only four remained intact. In addition, 300 miles of railroad track were ruined; 231 highway bridges and 40 earth dams were damaged. So many underground pipes were twisted and broken that Tangshan's water supply system was disrupted for several months. Some of the mines were flooded, and thousands of workers were trapped in the shafts. Caltech's George W. Housner, a specialist in quakeproof engineering who headed the American group, termed the Tangshan event "the greatest earthquake disaster in the history of mankind." Despite their tremendous losses, the Chinese have faced the task of reconstruction with stoic determination. Today much of the city's industry is reportedly back in operation, and officials expect to finish rebuilding Tangshan by 1982.

Medicine



Placing insulin-pump needle under skin

Puzzling Ailment

Hope for juvenile diabetics

The disease strikes some 1.5 million Americans, usually between infancy and age 40. Yet unlike the other major form of diabetes, which afflicts some 8.5 million older Americans, it can never be controlled by diet alone. Juvenile-onset diabetes requires daily injections of insulin, the hormone used by the body to help burn sugar. But even with life-giving insulin therapy, there may be severe complications, including blindness, kidney failure, heart attacks and stroke. Partly because insulin keeps people alive long enough to bear children who may inherit the disease, the prevalence of diabetes has been increasing for the past several decades by a disturbing 6% a year.

Though neither cause nor cure has yet been found, researchers are pursuing several promising avenues of investigation that may give new hope to the young victims of this puzzling disorder. Items:

Artificial pancreas. Responding to shifting levels of sugar in the blood, the pancreas constantly adjusts its secretion of insulin, delivering more during meals, when larger quantities are needed, less during exercise or sleep. Daily insulin injections can correct a deficiency, but are not the whole answer: often the insulin level is above or below what it should be, and the blood's sugar fluctuates wildly, probably aggravating the diabetic's other problems.

Yale's Philip Felig and other doctors are now helping nature by fitting juvenile diabetics with miniature battery-powered pumps that continuously trickle insulin into their bodies. Weighing barely a pound, the artificial pancreases are worn on the belt or carried in a shoulder bag. The pumps tap a 24-hr. insulin supply, feeding it at a slow, steady rate via a thin tube that ends in a needle inserted under the skin of the abdomen or thigh. Before meals, patients can override the pre-set instructions and briefly step up the dosage by pressing a button. One incidental benefit, reports Felig: blood fats, including cholesterol, seem to return to normal during treatment.

Pancreatic cell transplant. The problem in most juvenile diabetics is that the insulin-producing cells within the pancreas, called the islets of Langerhans, are no longer functioning properly. (In adult diabetics, insulin supplies are generally adequate, but somehow the body is unable to release them or use them properly.) Doctors have tried transplanting fresh islets from healthy pancreases, but the immune system tends to reject them.

Now Pathologist Paul Lacy and his colleagues at Washington University have devised a way to encourage islet survival—at least in laboratory animals. Taking healthy islets from rats, the team “incubated” them at room temperature for seven days, then injected them into diabetic animals, along with an immunosuppressive serum. More than 100 days later, the transplanted islets were still producing insulin in the diabetics, whose condition improved markedly. The next major question: Will this successful experiment in rats also work in man?

A viral trigger. Some scientists have long suspected that juvenile diabetes may be caused by a virus. Researchers at the National Institutes of Health and the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Md., believe that they have finally found a firm link. Their evidence: the case of a ten-year-old boy who became severely diabetic and died only days after a flu-like illness. Post-mortem studies of his pancreatic tissue revealed a common, relatively harmless virus, Coxsackie B4.* Surprisingly, when it was injected into mice, they developed diabetes. This, along with other signs, strongly suggests that the virus triggered the boy's fatal illness.

Since Coxsackie B4 is so common, the researchers must explain why even more people do not develop diabetes. They theorize that other viruses may also be involved, as well as an inherited susceptibility to the disease and weaknesses in the immune system. But if juvenile diabetes is indeed essentially viral, doctors may eventually be able to develop a weapon similar to those used so successfully against other viral diseases: a diabetes vaccine. ■

* Named after the village in New York where the first of this viral group was found.

Speaking Again

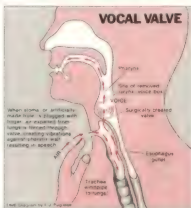
Better to sound like Satchmo

In 1970 Bessie Parello, then 47, became one of the 10,000 Americans a year who develop cancer of the voice box, or larynx. To remove the cancerous tissue, surgeons perform an operation called a laryngectomy on many of these patients. Because the surgery disrupts the windpipe, the surgeon must create a small hole in the throat for breathing. But talking is another matter. Some people can learn to gulp air through the mouth, force it down the esophagus, or gullet, instead of the windpipe, and literally burp it back up into a cavity called the pharynx, where a rough facsimile of the natural voice is produced. But like all too many of these cancer patients, Parello was never able to master such esophageal speech. "I just couldn't do it," she recalls. "My children learned to understand me by lip reading. My husband couldn't understand me at all."

Today not only can Parello talk again, but her speech is astonishingly understandable. What has given Parello and hundreds of other victims of throat cancer in the U.S. and Europe new voices is an ingenious operation developed by an Italian surgeon.

For decades doctors had tried to divert air from the windpipe back up into the blocked-off pharynx. But such efforts inevitably failed, food and water would get into the windpipe, causing choking. In 1969 Dr. Mario Staffieri of Piacenza, near Milan, Italy, tried a new approach, inspired by a famous case in medical annals. Forty years earlier, a Chicago ice-man, suicidally depressed by the loss of his voice after a laryngectomy, had plunged an ice pick into his throat. Instead of dying, he regained the ability to speak; he had accidentally pierced the esophagus wall in a way that gave him a voice again.

To duplicate that miracle, Staffieri made a small slit in the esophagus of a





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THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION The winners or losers, the joys and sorrows of team against team, one against one, or one against self; drive for human achievement.

Eligibility:

The Photography Contest will be limited to U.S. amateur photographers only. This means any photographer who is not supported by taking pictures (though pictures may have been sold to publications.) Employees of TIME Inc. and its advertising agencies are ineligible.

Judging:

Winning photographs will be selected by Mr. George Plimpton, internationally recognized amateur competitor and author of *Paper Lion*, *One More July* and *Sports!* Mr. Plimpton's comments on each winning photograph will be published with the picture. His decisions will be final in all cases.

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Grand Prize: \$1,000

Second Prize: \$500

3 Third Prizes of \$250 each

Honorable mentions receive the LIFE Library of Photography.

Rules:

All entries must include a signed release granting TIME Inc. and its advertisers and agencies, worldwide publishing, promotional and advertising rights. (Please see Entry Form and Release at right).

While TIME Inc. can accept no liability for loss or damage to entries we will make all reasonable efforts to return materials *only if self-addressed stamped envelope with sufficient postage is included*.

Each entrant may submit no more than five photographs.

All pictures submitted must be previously unpublished.

Upon request, all entrants must be able to supply a "release for publication" for all recognizable individuals appearing prominently in their photographs.

This contest is subject to all local, state and federal regulations, & is void where prohibited or restricted by law.

The deadline for entries for this contest is August 15, 1979.

Prints or transparencies, color and black-and-white accepted.

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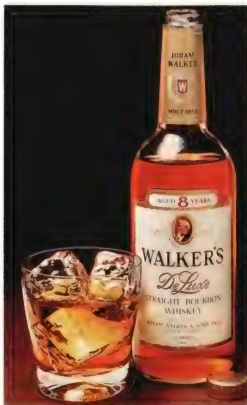
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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



Medicine

laryngectomy patient. Then he flapped part of the esophageal wall over the top of the trachea, forming a valve linking windpipe and pharynx. To speak, the patient simply placed a finger over the external breathing hole in the neck. Exhaled from the lungs, air was forced through the internal esophageal slit, allowing the pharynx to vibrate and create sounds. But the valve could open only when air from the lungs forced it open. When food or liquid came down the esophagus, the valve remained closed.

Staffieri has performed the operation on 137 patients, with a success rate of 90%. At first, his technique did not get much attention in the U.S., partly because American specialists did not know much about it. But in 1976, at the urging of U.S. Air Force Surgeon Frederick McConnell, who had seen Staffieri's work, Northwestern University's Dr. George Sisson tried the operation on a throat cancer patient deeply depressed at the prospect of losing her voice. The results were remarkable, as were those of another early patient, Bessie Parelli, who could speak 20 minutes at a time two weeks after her operation. Since then at least 75 people in Chicago, Atlanta and Galveston have undergone such surgery.

Since breathing is easy, the new voice can be sustained about as long as normal speech. It has a raspy quality faintly reminiscent of Louis Armstrong, but is notably superior to other voice-restoration techniques. Besides, most people probably would prefer a voice like Satchmo's to embarrassed silence.

Night Owls

Resetting the bodily clock



Attaching electrodes to monitor sleep

Evelyn King, a housewife and mother in her 50s, says that she was already plagued by insomnia in infancy. By college, King was resorting to barbiturates, but still she rarely dozed off before 3 a.m. Her life became a struggle. Any activity before noon was agonizingly difficult.

To doctors who specialize in such dis-

orders, King belongs to a category of insomniacs dubbed "owls." For reasons that still baffle medicine, they are totally out of harmony with the workaday world. Only such tactics as copious infusions of coffee keep them awake when they are forced into a 9 a.m.-to-5 p.m. schedule.

Now Dr. Elliot Weitzman and his colleagues at New York City's Montefiore Hospital and Medical Center may have welcome news for those night owls. By a technique they call chronotherapy, they have managed to help King and six other victims of this disorder. The feat, says Weitzman, was accomplished not with drugs but by resetting internal clocks.

As Weitzman explains it, for these people the hands of the clocks can best be moved forward, not backward. Accordingly, four night people were placed in isolated rooms without clocks, phones or radios to provide the time. The doctors kept moving their patients' bedtimes ahead, three hours a day. (Three patients, including King, tried the test at home, pledging to retire on schedule.) The chronotherapy lasted a week, until the night folks had been worked around the clock to a reasonable bedtime. In King's case, that meant midnight.

While thus far effective in these limited cases, chronotherapy may not be suitable for all such night owls. Admits King: "During treatment, I felt like a zombie." But the effort seems to have been worthwhile. For the first time in years, she is off pills and getting a good night's rest. Says she: "This has changed my life."

Press

Whip His What?

Bad word makes big news

In an earlier and more decorous age, a crude word—even if uttered by a President—would surely not be deemed fit to print. *O tempora, O mores!* When Jimmy Carter told a group of Congressmen at a White House dinner last week that if Senator Edward Kennedy runs against him in 1980, "I'll whip his ass," most major news organizations hastened to quote the remark in living off-color.

Though Federal Communications Commission regulations prohibit obscenity or gross indecency, an FCC spokesman said that broadcasting Carter's broadside was in no way actionable. Radio stations across the country generally played uncensored interviews with the Congressmen who overheard Carter's statement. A few television newscasts, though, avoided mention of the indecate word. Jim Ruddle, anchorman at Chicago's WMAQ-TV, used the term posterior, and Tom Brokaw of NBC's *Today* show mumbled slyly

about a "three-letter part of the anatomy that's somewhere near the bottom." CBS's Roger Mudd alluded to Carter's remark without quoting it directly, but a copy of the New York *Post's* anatomically correct front-page headline was projected on a screen behind him.

The *Post* was one of few major newspapers to put the entire quote in a banner headline. Most of the others were not far to the posterior. The Los Angeles *Times* and Chicago *Sun-Times* managed to get the crucial word in a headline, and the full quote in the story. "We don't bandy about with words if they come from the President," said Los Angeles *Times*

Managing Editor George Cotlar. "Without [the quote] there is no story."

Other papers played it coy. CARTER FLEXES HIS WHIP ARM winked Boston's *Herald American*, which used the quote. In its headline, the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* used three dots instead of the *verboten* word, then spelled it out in the story. Said Managing Editor Mary Anne Dolan: "It seemed an intriguing way of handling it. Just like a woman being more alluring in lingerie than in the nude."

One of the few papers to avoid using the word altogether was the ever circumspect New York *Times*, which last made censorship history by excising the word screw from a story about Carter's 1976 *Playboy* interview ("a vulgarism for sexual relations," substituted the *Times*). This time the paper buried the quote on page 26 and left a dash where the word ass should have been. "If the *Times* gives up its ass, it will have to be for a better story than this," chuckled Executive Editor A.M. Rosenthal. "I just think it was more fun not to use it when everybody else did." It was certainly more intriguing—or confusing—to *Times* readers.

NEW YORK POST FINAL

**JIMMY CARTER:
'IF KENNEDY RUNS
I'LL WHIP HIS ASS'**

Science



With a few helping hands, Allen tests his strange craft on a dry run

Odyssey of the Albatross

A Yank pedals over the English Channel in a space-age bike

Shortly after dawn one day last week, a strange contraption teetered down a quay below the chalky cliffs at Folkestone, England. It looked like a giant dragonfly, with diaphanous wings spreading 96 ft. (2½ ft. more than a DC-9's) above skeletal workings of a bicycle: a seat, pedals and a chain that powered a plastic propeller. Inside the translucent shell of the 75-lb. flying machine sat 140-lb. Bryan Allen, 26, a bespectacled bean pole from Tulare, Calif., garbed in running shorts and leather cycling shoes, plastic crash helmet, a red life jacket around his bare chest.

Just 2 hrs. and 49 min. later, Allen and his *Gossamer Albatross* touched down on a beach at Cap Gris-Nez, France, 23 watery miles away. Only last August, three Americans had landed in a Normandy wheat field after the world's first transatlantic voyage in a helium balloon. Allen's odyssey was far shorter, but every bit as impressive, perhaps more so.

The flight earned not only the coveted \$210,000 prize offered by British Industrialist Henry Kremer but also a niche in aviation history for the first muscle-powered flight across the English Channel.

The feat was an inspirational diversion from more serious matters. TRIUMPH OF THE PEDALER OF THE SKY, said Paris' *France-Soir*. THE REVENGE OF ICARUS, judged Communist *L'Humanité*. One British cartoonist showed a Frenchman exclaiming, as *Gossamer Albatross* approached: "Mon dieu, there really must be a petrol shortage in England." U.S. Ambassador in London Kingman Brewster could not resist telling a jammed post-flight press conference: "Some have said this is the most constructive solution to the energy crisis we've seen."

The brains behind *Albatross* was Designer Paul MacCready, 53, an aeronautical engineer from Pasadena, Calif. His foot still in a cast from a jogging accident a few weeks ago, MacCready



mused about his fragile bird: "It's a specialized thing, so large, so flimsy, in order to be low-powered enough for man to propel, but it certainly does alter one's perspective of what man is capable of, both in design and actual powering of things."

For MacCready, a glider pilot who became America's first international soaring champion in 1956, the triumph was a reprise. Two years ago, another of his pedal-powered craft, *Gossamer Condor*, completed a 1.15-mile, figure-eight course in Shafter, Calif., to win an \$86,000 Kremer prize that had eluded aeronautical designers for nearly two decades. *Condor*, which was also piloted by Allen, now rests in the Smithsonian Institution.

Condor was airborne for only 7½ min. But once this Everest of aviation had been conquered, Kremer laid down another challenge: £100,000 for a human-powered crossing of the English Channel. MacCready realized the problems were far different, perhaps insoluble. He needed a plane so light that Allen could keep aloft for some two hours, yet strong enough to survive a sudden gust of fickle Channel air. MacCready combined subtle aerospace technology with a pair of strong human legs. Using a computer to simulate stress, winds and other critical factors, he determined that *Albatross* should have slimmer and lighter wings: he cut crucial weight "an ounce at a time," with materials donated by Du Pont—Mylar film for the sheathing, Kevlar fibers for control lines and graphite fabric for struts. When he had finished, the stripped-down *Albatross* weighed a precious 13 lbs. less than *Condor*.

The plane's "pilot and engine," as Allen likes to call himself, was also tuning up. A bicycling enthusiast since high school, he rode three hours a day, slept eight hours a night and ate prodigiously. Arriving at Folkestone last month with MacCready and a crew of 16, Allen gazed out on the Channel from the cliffs like a boxer pondering the ring on the eve of his big fight. "It just seemed to go on and on," he recalls. "I concluded that everybody here was right—we were crazy."

The main event came with only a night's notice. MacCready had been waiting for a rare windless dawn. Even a breeze of six knots might endanger *Al-*



PHOTO BY STEVE BELL

Only a few feet above the glassy waters of the English Channel, Allen labors in his lightweight bird toward Cap Gris-Nez

"It's a specialized thing, so large, so flimsy... but it certainly does alter one's perspective of what man is capable of."

batross; head winds would put extra strain on the engine. When the forecast indicated go, Allen ate a high-carbohydrate Chinese dinner; just before the 5:10 a.m. takeoff, he wolfed down large plain rolls and fruit—the best possible fuel, Allen insisted. Watching them gathering in the early light, one veteran Channel skipper decided: "These Yanks are balmy." With crew members alongside, Allen calmly climbed into the craft, took a deep breath and pedaled furiously down a makeshift wooden runway laid on the concrete quay, trying to generate the $\frac{1}{2}$ hp. needed for takeoff. Abruptly, *Albatross* swerved and stopped. One of its two tiny plastic wheels had broken.

The wheel was quickly replaced, and Allen tried again. This time his flying bicycle took off easily, climbed to 20 ft. and moved out over the glassy water. Cheers went up from the small flotilla of rescue and press boats: "Son of a bitch, he's flying it!" "You're beautiful!" "Come on, Bryan!" Allen, who had never before flown over water, concentrated on pedaling at a steady 70 r.p.m. As he explained it: "If you start sinking, you've got to pedal faster."

For *Albatross* and its entourage on the water, including TIME Correspondent Art White, almost every minute was nerve-racking. In mid-passage, a supertanker appeared, tipped off by MacCready, who was in contact with his pilot by two-way radio, Allen gave it a wide berth. Snooping helicopters that

could have whipped up the air stayed away, but twice a press boat bulled in too close. It was shouted back by the rescue teams. At the halfway mark a head wind rose up, and *Albatross's* speed dropped from 12 m.p.h. to a precarious, near-stalling $9\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h.

Pumping harder, Allen faced a new danger—dehydration. Sweating profusely inside his humid enclosed compartment, he drained his two-liter water bottle. His radio's batteries also wore down; Allen could hear messages through his earplugs but could not send off replies. As *Albatross* dipped to within 6 in. of the swells, an exhausted Allen waved in defeat at a rescue craft, signaling for a line that might have provided an airborne tow for the remaining eight miles.

Yet somehow, as he climbed 10 ft. to allow the boat's approach, he found calmer air and suddenly mustered a burst of energy. For the rest of the trip, *Albatross* remained well clear of the water. Good thing: half a mile offshore MacCready spotted a sinister shape that he took to be a large shark. By the last quarter-mile, Allen said, "my legs started to get useless." He had developed painful cramps, but pedaled on. Finally, as Cap Gris-Nez loomed, he said to himself: "Doggone, I'm going to make it."

After landing to the cheers of spectators, Allen acknowledged that he could not have gone on another 10 ft. Sweat-soaked but clearly elated, he staggered out of his big bird to accept flowers and a shy kiss from a female admirer.

His first words: "Wow ... wow!"

As radio, television and newspapers told *Albatross's* story, the \$1,600 plane was carted off to the Paris Air Show, parked among the latest multimillion-dollar marvels of aviation. An *Albatross* crew member called to book some hotel rooms in Paris for MacCready and company. All full up, he was told. He hung up, thought a minute, then called back: "It's for the man who just pedaled across the Channel." "Oui, m'sieu!" came the reply. "How many rooms do you want?" ■



After his soft landing on the French sands (below), an exhausted pilot and engine accepts a bouquet of flowers



A word to smokers

(about people who build walls)

It's no secret that there are some folks these days who are trying to build walls between smokers and nonsmokers.

The theory behind all this is that some smokers annoy nonsmokers and, of course, that can happen.

But if you want to get an idea of the ridiculous lengths that some of the wall-builders would like to go to, you have only to consider this:

In one state alone, it was estimated that the first year's cost of administering and enforcing a proposed anti-smoking law and building the physical walls required was nearly \$250,000,000.

The proposal was, of course, defeated — for the plain fact is the one you have observed in your own daily life, that the overwhelming majority of smokers and nonsmokers get along very well and don't need or want to be separated.

This infuriates the wall-builders. Since they cannot have their own way in a world of free choice, they would like to eliminate that world by government fiat, by rules and regulations that would tell you where, and with whom, you may work, eat, play and shop. And the enormous

burden that would place on all of us, in higher taxes and costs, does not bother them.

Certainly no one, including smokers, can properly object to the common sense rules of, for instance, banning smoking in crowded elevators, poorly ventilated spaces or, indeed, in any place where it is clearly inappropriate. And individual managers in their own interest should see to the mutual comfort of their smoking and nonsmoking patrons. It is only when the long arm, and notoriously insensitive hands, of government regulators start making these private arrangements for us that we all, smoker and nonsmoker alike, begin to lose our freedom of choice.

In the long run, the wall-builders must fail, and the walls will come tumbling down — if not to the sound of a trumpet, then at least to the slower but surer music of common decency and courtesy practiced on both sides of them.

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JOHN W. WAYNE—GALLO

Show Business

Duke: Images from a Lifetime

John Wayne: 1907-1979

Youth. A mountain man, 22 years old, fresh-faced and heartbreakingly handsome in his fringed buckskins, says goodbye to the girl he shyly loves. He speaks awkwardly, in tones still untutored by the professionalism that was to come, of the wild land that he must abandon her for, to explore along *The Big Trail*.

Manhood. In the stark grandeur of Monument Valley an unhorsed outlaw hails a *Stagecoach* with a confident twirl of the Winchester he holds in his hand. The vehicle that carries the Ringo Kid to high adventure also carries the actor who played him on the first leg of a journey to immortality.

Patriarch and moralist. Amid the wreckage of the trail camp, the herder who started the stampede is dragged before the man whose cowhands and fortune he has placed at risk. "Shoot me," the herder blubbers. A look of disgust flickers across Thomas Dunson's face. "Not gonna shoot you," he says, "gonna hang you." He is merciless toward those who violate the trust of the masculine group that confronts danger on the cattle drive from the *Red River* to Kansas.

Mentor. Captain Nathan Brittles' habit of speaking his mind has cost him his career. Now he must retire, and he

has ridden out to receive the farewell salute at a half-forgotten frontier garrison in *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*. There is a huskiness in his voice as he speaks his credo: "Never apologize and never explain—it's a sign of weakness."

Apotheosis. "I mean to kill you or see you hanged," the grizzled old marshal tells the four outlaws he confronts at the edge of the autumn woods. "Bold talk for a one-eyed fat man," their leader sneers. "Fill your hand, you sonuvabitch," the old lawman cries, clamping the reins of his horse between his teeth and filling his own hands with six-gun and repeater. In a moment the bad guys are dead, and just as the old man faced them down in *True Grit*, so did the actor face down the last of his doubters, at once affectionately parodying and paying tribute to the American heroes he had played in more than 200 films. The film brought John Wayne an Academy Award and a sort of universal indulgence to do, say or be anything he wanted in his sunset years.

It was an indulgence he had earned long before and had long since been granted. Not by critics, who had consistently underrated both the kind of genre films he appeared in and his low-keyed, naturalistic acting technique. Not by those

who, intent on forcing all of life through political metaphors, deplored his rightist politics. It was ordinary moviegoers who sensed the authenticity of the man—that compound of morality, short temper, self-humor and sheer physical energy. They knew that though he had never fired a gun in anger, he had found other ways to live up to his image.

They had seen him go to the wall financially to make a movie, *The Alamo*, in which he tried to propagate political beliefs. They had seen him fight off what he called "the big C" (cancer) once before, in 1964, returning to work on a rugged location months before he should have because he hated being an invalid. In more recent years, they saw him posed proudly with one or another of his grandchildren (he married three times and had seven children). They saw that even though one could no longer live the life of a mythic Western hero, one could sometimes approximate his simplifying virtues. "I stay away from nuances," he was heard to say. From excesses of psychology too. "Couches are good for one thing only," he was wont to grouse. Reflection, introspection—these activities interfered with the truly important things in life. Like work.

There were ironies in the matching of man and mythic background. John Wayne entered the world on May 26, 1907, as Marion Michael Morrison, the son of an Iowa druggist who migrated to the San Fernando Valley, just east of Los

Angeles. Young Michael played football for U.S.C. but retained many more intellectual interests than he liked to admit. During down time on his movie sets, for example, he was an inveterate chess player. At home he read Western history and gathered one of the world's finest collections of Hopi Indian kachina dolls. If his right-wing beliefs emblemized a rugged individualism, he also had a reputation among movie people as a fiercely loyal colleague quick to aid old comrades and as an affectionate if hard-kidding co-worker.

This sense of community and camaraderie was the flip side of Western individualism. Most people risked pioneering not to get rich quick or to build vast empires but to find modest lives that might be more congenial than the ones they had left in the East or in Europe. In his best films Wayne, for all the machismo he displayed, only rarely played a loner—a scout or gun fighter. More often he appeared as a soldier, lawman or rancher, a man acting in concert with others to create order where formerly there had been emptiness or anarchy.

Movies of the kind Duke Wayne (the nickname was derived from a dog he once owned) liked to make were made by tightly knit, masculine groups off on their own in some ruggedly photogenic country. The experience of making them under the direction of men like John Ford (who rescued Wayne from poverty-row westerns with *Stagecoach*) or Howard Hawks (who gave him that first leader-patriarch role in *Red River*) or Henry Hathaway (who made *True Grit*) taught him much about craftsmanship and professionalism. Wayne revered them and shared credit for his achievements with them.

Of course, there were defects in their common code. Women were always a problem for them. They saw them as Madonnas or hookers or, in the case of Hawks, useful only to the degree that they could become one of the boys. Again excepting the versatile Hawks, they had trouble—as Wayne himself did—in making persuasive films when they moved away from open spaces and distant times. Half of Wayne's later films cast him in roles that had nothing to do with cows and horses, Indians and gunslingers.

Though Wayne stoutly and correctly insisted, "I have always tried to give a true characterization of the part that I'm playing," he was also quick to add, "Some of John Wayne must come through it." It came through most clearly when people would tell him, "Everything isn't black and white," and he would inevitably respond, "Well, I say, 'Why the hell not?'"

There was a refreshing innocence, a kind of bravery in that attitude, especially as the power of the Western myth dimmed. His heroes were not like Hemingway's. They did not have grace under pressure; they had instead a stubbornness—foolish, willful and glorious—when they were caught between the rock and the hard place. We could not forget Wayne if we tried. Those images of a big man



The patriarch with children and grandchildren on Father's Day, 1962

If everything isn't black and white, "I say, 'Why the hell not?'"

etched against the big Western sky were part of the experience of growing up in America in the past half-century.

Out of them, he created a beloved national institution. Congress ordered a gold medal struck for him just before he died of cancer last week, and he was never more gallant than when he made his final public appearance at this year's Oscar ceremony. Three years ago, John Wayne's last movie, *The Shootist*, was released. It was about a dying gun fighter facing up to the end of his life. It was not an entirely successful valedictory for its star, but in it the screenwriters produced some lines that came easily to Wayne. To the boy he is teaching how to handle a gun, he says, "I won't be wronged, I won't be insulted, I won't be laid a hand on. I don't do these things to others, and I require the same of them." That stands up as well as an epitaph for a good, cranky and singular man, but he himself would not have chosen it. John Wayne preferred an old, simple Mexican saying: "*Feo, fuerte y formal*" (He was ugly, he was strong, he had dignity).

—Richard Schickel



With Director John Ford (1952)



A classic scene: the fight with Montgomery Clift in *Red River* (1948)

"I won't be wronged, I won't be insulted, I won't be laid a hand on."

Cinema



Sylvester Stallone in *Rocky II*

Plastic Jesus

ROCKY II
Directed and Written by
Sylvester Stallone

In *Rocky II*, Sylvester Stallone purports to be playing Rocky Balboa, the same long-shot prizefighter who "went the distance" in 1976. Don't believe it. After several years spent reading his own press clips, this star is now far too big to play a mere mortal from Philadelphia. There is only one role that can contain Stallone these days, and in his new movie he graciously undertakes the assignment. That role is God.

Rocky II is the most solemn example of self-deification by a movie star since Barbra Streisand's *A Star Is Born*. Though ostensibly the story of Rocky's marriage to mousy Adrian (Talia Shire) and his rematch with World Heavyweight Champ Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers), the film is not overly concerned with matters of romance or pugilism. The pivotal scenes all illustrate, in picture-book fashion, the hero's saintliness. We learn that Rocky loves animals. "I love animals," he announces early on, and then proceeds to devote a sizable amount of screen time to the care and feeding of his pet dog and turtles. His belief in prayer is second only to Billy Graham's, and his devotion to Adrian is absolutely firm. When the couple

buy a new house, Rocky tells her: "The solid oak floors and the plumbing would mean nothing without you being here." The movie's obligatory set piece, a reprise of Rocky's triumphal jog up the steps of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, now looks like a tableau out of Cecil B. DeMille: as Bill Conti's musical theme reaches celestial heights, hundreds of young disciples gather to cheer Stallone on. One almost expects him to wrap himself in the flag, perhaps he is saving that *pièce de résistance* for *Rocky III*.

There might have been fun in *Rocky II*, but not with Stallone serving as writer and director. During its first half, the film offers tedious exposition that exists solely to keep the big fight at bay. The script's stalling techniques are random and far-fetched. Stallone tries to create drama out of Rocky's inexplicable inability to gain steady employment, his domestic foibles and, finally, out of his wife's simultaneous bouts with childbirth and coma. These developments are so poorly conceived that Adrian's brother (a newly slim Burt Young) must dart in and out of scenes to deliver plot information. Once Rocky starts to train in earnest, the film becomes less a sequel than a prosaic remake. "For a 45-minute fight, you got to train 45,000 minutes," barks Trainer Burgess Meredith. He isn't kidding.

The only well-staged sequence is the fight, which is sufficiently suspenseful and lifelike to save the movie from box office disaster. With the addition of Dolby Stereo this time around, every left hook sounds like a rocket taking off in *Star Wars*. Otherwise, the direction is crude. Stallone uses montages more than any other director since Eisenstein; he does not seem to understand that movie cameras are now mobile. All the performances are italicized and phony, a sad descent from the original *Rocky*. At one point in the new film, Rocky balks when a hustler suggests the marketing of a "Rocky doll"; yet, that is exactly how Stallone has merchandised himself here. The *Rocky* we see in *Rocky II* is best suited for mounting on a dashboard.

—Frank Rich

Spinning Yarn

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE:
THE EARLY DAYS
Directed by Richard Lester
Screenplay by Allan Burns

In its curious way, this is a daring movie. It is a "prequel," as the neologism has it. *The Early Days* tells the story of how the title characters met and formed the partnership celebrated in that mighty hit of (can it be?) a decade ago, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. In the circumstances it would have been sufficient merely to evoke the antic cheerfulness of the old movie and then coast home on its

reputation. Instead, Director Richard Lester, a master of off-the-wall historical japey (*The Three Musketeers*), has chosen to make *Butch and Sundance* an exercise in style; he tries to find the cinematic equivalent of oral tradition and legend making, or, less fancily, yarn spinning. This means that the film's pace is leisurely and digressive; dramatic incidents that might be told melodramatically are rather flat. The result may be disappointing to people expecting the brisk cheekiness of the first Butch-Sundance adventure.

The picture is not really a success. Especially in the first half, several scenes take too long to get to the point, which often turns out to be not very sharp. There are also gag sequences that could easily have been richer and more firmly developed. But Tom Berenger and William Katt are persuasive as the younger look-alikes of Newman and Redford (the latter's mannerisms are even gently parodied by Katt). When the pair finally get down to robbing banks and trains, their learner's clumsiness strikes an endearing note. So does the relationship between Butch and his wife (Jill Eikenberry), who must, because Sundance is wounded, cease their wanderings and sample the pleasures of domesticity. If, in the end, one finds the movie attenuated and a little self-indulgent, it is still an amiable entertainment, its modesty a relief from a glut of hopped-up action epics.

—Richard Schickel



William Katt and Tom Berenger in *Butch*
Tracing the roots of Redford and Newman.

Cinema

Bombs Away

HANOVER STREET

Directed and Written by
Peter Hyams

The year was 1943, and all of Europe was in love. Well, not all of Europe. What with a war going on and Nazis everywhere, some people only had time for death. But David Halloran, a derring-do American pilot, and Margaret Sellinger, a proper British wife, were special. David and Margaret had time for everything: for love, for death, for sex and, most of all, for tea. *Hanover Street* is the tear-dripping saga of this couple's tea-sipping romance in war-torn Europe. It is the kind of big-screen romance they just don't make any more. Why Columbia Pictures bothered to produce *Hanover Street* is the biggest mystery to cloud that company since the departure of David Begelman.

Hanover Street stars two highly attractive actors, Harrison Ford and Lesley-Anne Down, as well as the genteel Christopher Plummer in the role of the heroine's betrayed husband. The movie has three types of scenes: briefing scenes, bombing scenes and tearoom scenes. Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish among them because every set in the film, indoors and out, is flooded with mist. The



Lesley-Anne Down and Harrison Ford having a tête-à-tête in *Hanover Street*

Time for love, for death, for sex and, most of all, for tea.

sound track is inundated with John Barry's crashing score, next to which Michel Legrand's florid music for *Summer of '42* sounds like Hindemith. Yet the plot does somehow manage to emerge. About halfway into *Hanover Street*, both of the heroine's men end up on the same secret intelligence mission behind enemy lines in France. Things get tense. Who will live

and who will die? Who will run across a crowded hospital ward to embrace fair Margaret by the final credits? Will the Nazis cut off Fortnum & Mason's supply of Twinings English Breakfast Tea? And, if so, will Ovaltine suffice? *Hanover Street*'s answers to these questions tend to be tough, but no one ever said that war was a picnic.

—F.R.



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Cinema

Peasant Soup

THE TREE OF WOODEN CLOGS

Directed and Written by
Ermanno Olmi

On the evidence of this movie, the 1978 Grand Prize winner at Cannes, it seems safe to say that Italian Director Ermanno Olmi is no fan of Bernardo Bertolucci's 1900. Like 1900, *The Tree of Wooden Clogs* is a lengthy (three hours), luxuriously photographed film about Italian peasants, but after that all similarities end. 1900 was a didactic epic that attempted to merge the florid drama of opera with the tenets of Marxism; *Clogs* is pointedly a tranquil, nonpolemical attempt to describe the peasants' daily existence in the objective manner of documentary cinema. Given their respective goals, Olmi's movie is the more successful of the two—yet at what price success? *The Tree of Wooden Clogs* is a triumph of the bland.

The movie is set on a Lombard farmstead at the end of the last century, and it consists of anecdotes about four families who serve the same omniscient landlord. There are, quite intentionally, no theatrics. A couple gradually fall in love and get married. An old man raises a tomato crop. A father illicitly cuts down one of the landlord's trees to make wooden clogs for his son to wear to school. Meanwhile, the seasons change, the sun rises and sets—all in the ripest of MGM colors.

There is nothing wrong with Olmi's decision to avoid the contrivances of narrative or ideology, as long as he then goes on to reveal the truth about his characters. This he has not done. Despite its length, *Clogs* is entirely composed of very brief scenes. Though the flow of vignettes captures the outlines and rituals of the people's lives, the individual peasants are permitted only predictable reactions to clichéd situations. Nor does Olmi allow his characters the chance to talk, however inarticulately or apolitically, about the matters of life, death and love that perpetually confront them. Presumably he has no idea what they would say. Since he has cast inexpressive non-actors in the roles, the faces on-screen do not fill in the thoughts and emotions that are absent in the script.

In the end, we learn only that every peasant is a saint who suffers in stoic silence. Bertolucci's observations are no less sentimental, but at least he took some artistic risks in the process. While Olmi seems to feel that the sheer homeliness of his technique amounts to blunt honesty, his aesthetic is every bit as disingenuous as that of a professional waif portraitist in Montmartre. All he has done is serve his picturesque peasants on a pretty platter so that rich people, from a safe distance, can get their fill.

—F.R.

Law

Bird Watching

Charges of leaks and delays

California's Supreme Court was once held in high repute for its innovative and wise decisions. Keeping well above politics, the court carried out deliberations in the quiet privacy of its stately chambers. So much for tradition. The current court, headed by Chief Justice Rose Elizabeth Bird, 42, is about to have its linen laundered in public, black robes, starched collars and all. Last week the state's commission on judicial performance (a nine-member board established in 1960 to hear complaints against California judges) began televised hearings into alleged improprieties surrounding the court's handling of four controversial decisions.

At issue: Did one or more of the supreme court's seven judges delay announcing decisions on politically sensitive cases that could have hurt Chief Justice Bird's chances of winning approval by the voters? Did any of the justices or staff members leak confidential information about the decisions to the press?

It was Rose Bird herself who asked for the investigation. She has been under fire ever since she was appointed to the top justice post by Governor Jerry Brown in 1977. Because she had no previous judicial experience, critics claimed that she was unqualified to administer the state's 255 courts and 2,000 judgeships or to make significant legal decisions. Her opponents charged that Bird, who served as agriculture and services secretary in Brown's cabinet, was named to the position only because she was a woman and had long-time political ties with the Governor.



California Chief Justice Rose Bird

A televised laundering of the court's linen.

Under California law, such appointments are confirmed on a straight yes or no ballot at the next statewide election. Although the confirmation vote is usually a rubber stamp, in Bird's case it became the occasion for pointed political protest. Contending that she was "soft" on crime, conservatives launched a \$300,000 effort to oust her from the court. Bird survived the election with 52% of the vote, even though details of the court's potentially unpopular decision on an armed robbery case were leaked to the *Los Angeles Times* and appeared on the day of the election.

Within six weeks, the court released its actual decisions on this and three other

controversial cases. Of the four, the robbery case became most notorious because of the apparent accuracy of the leaked information and the law-and-order aspects of the case. California's "use a gun, go to prison" law, signed by Governor Brown in 1975, mandates prison sentences for certain specific crimes in which a gun is used. In the case at issue, Harold Tanner used a gun in the robbery, but the weapon was not loaded. The trial judge dismissed the gun charge and placed Tanner on probation. In a decision that indeed proved to be unpopular, the supreme court upheld the judge's power to do so. Ironically, the court reversed itself last week, following a rehearing in March. One justice changed his vote, tipping the majority in favor of mandatory sentencing. However, since Tanner spent a year in the county jail, and has otherwise met the conditions of his probation, he will remain free.

Evidence presented last week shows how much squabbling and infighting are involved when the court arrives at a decision but indicates no specific delaying tactics. Documents do, however, support claims that the justices or members of their staffs may have leaked confidential information to the press.

The commission will determine whether charges should be brought against any justice. Whatever the outcome, the legal community frets that public airing of the matter may hurt the California judicial system. Says Stanford Law Professor Gerald Gunther: "In an immediate sense, it will add to the court's already damaged prestige." But, Gunther concludes, "in the long run, the hearings may help some of the justices search their souls and try to do better in their personal relations and at the quality level." ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Maria Isabella Niarchos, 20, daughter of the Greek shipping Croesus Stavros Niarchos and a staffer at the French edition of *Vogue*; and Alix Chevasus, 36, heir to a French chemical fortune; both for the first time; in Paris

DIED. General Ignatius Acheampong, 47, who ruled West Africa's chronically troubled Republic of Ghana from 1972 to 1978; by firing squad following his conviction on charges of corruption; in Accra. The country's current strongman, Flight Lieut. Jerry Rawlings, 33, overthrew Acheampong's successor in another military coup earlier this month.

DIED. Anatoli Kuznetsov, 49, Russian author of *Babi Yar*, a documentary novel about the Nazi slaughter of Jews and others outside Kiev, who fled to Britain in 1969; of a heart attack; in London. Once an obedient party member who even informed on fellow writers for the KGB, he

bitterly denounced his homeland as a "fascist state" after his defection.

DIED. John D. Murchison, 57, who teamed with younger brother Clint, owner of the Dallas Cowboys, to parlay their father's multimillion-dollar oil fortune into a vast empire (publishing, real estate, insurance, others); of a heart attack; in Dallas. So complex were the Murchisons' holdings that John joked, "If we're not careful, we may find out we're suing ourselves."

DIED. John Wayne, 72, "the Duke" of Hollywood; of cancer; in Los Angeles (see SHOW BUSINESS).

DIED. Reinhard Gehlen, 77, legendary German spy master; of cancer; in Berg, West Germany. The austere, shadowy Gehlen was Adolf Hitler's intelligence chief for the eastern front until his predictions of Soviet triumph prompted the irritated Führer to threaten to send him to an in-

sane asylum. Gehlen fled and surrendered to American forces in May 1945, bringing with him 50 cases of Red Army documents. He later built a network of some 4,000 agents that became the CIA's chief chink in the Iron Curtain throughout the cold war, forecasting the 1956 Hungarian revolt and planning a 600-yd., CIA-built tunnel into East Berlin that tapped communications with Moscow for nine months. In 1955 the network became the nucleus of West Germany's Federal Intelligence Service, which Gehlen headed until 1968. By then, his reputation had been tarnished, partly because Communist spies had infiltrated his agency.

DIED. Edward M. (Ned) Almond, 86, whip-cracking Army infantry commander who as Douglas MacArthur's chief of staff in Korea in September 1950 led the bold landing behind enemy lines on the treacherous shores of Inchon that turned the tide of the war; in San Antonio.

Economy & Business

Teaming Up Against OPEC

Government moves toward partnering with industry in a "NASA for Energy"

Forty dollars a barrel for oil? With the official world price at \$14.55 per bbl., the notion sounds incredible. But not to oilmen. Items: when the Persian Gulf sheikdom of Abu Dhabi two weeks ago offered a shipment of high-grade, low-sulfur crude for sale at \$40 per bbl., it found an immediate and eager buyer in Japan; Ecuador had no trouble getting \$36 per bbl. in a sale of its own. Standard Oil Co. of Indiana admits difficulty in scraping up supplies for less than \$35 per bbl. anywhere.

It is against this backdrop of Oil at Any Price that Jimmy Carter and the leaders of Western Europe, Canada and Japan will sit down next week in Tokyo for two days of talks on energy and the imperiled world economy. Exactly 48 hours earlier in Geneva, the 13-nation Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries will also gather—and take a step that will surely make the energy squeeze worse: another increase in price. Meanwhile, demands are rising both in the Congress and from the U.S. public that Washington launch a war-effort type of national program of cooperation by Government and industry to end U.S. dependence on OPEC and its oil.

For the third, time in six months, the price-fixing cartel will lift the cost of its crude, and the question is how much more of such treatment the world economy can endure. Since last December, official, cartel-wide increases have pushed up the basic cost of mankind's most important energy resource by 14.5%, gravely inflaming global inflation. Worse, surging demand has enabled the OPEC nations to tack on one premium and surcharge after another, raising the actual price for most grades by as much as 30%, to \$17 or more per bbl. Next week such cartel militants as Iran, Algeria and Libya will press for an additional jump of at least 40%. To make the extortionate price stick, Iran's oil chief, Hassan Nazih, declares that Iranian production, which is now little more than half its prerevolutionary 6.5 million bbl. daily, will be cut even further, perhaps to 3 million bbl. per day.

Though the label hardly seems apt any more, even self-styled moderate OPEC members are talking of a double-digit

increase. Saudi Arabia promises to try to "hold the line" with a raise of a mere 20% to 25%, arguing that this will remove the need for premiums and surcharges. But only a sharp increase in production will accomplish that, and so far the Saudis have given no sign of being willing to boost their output of 8.5 million bbl.



Leader of the Free World

per day by more than 500,000 bbl. Any price rise will be too much. The world is still struggling to recover from the cartel's first blast of increases in 1973 and 1974, and the almost weekly current jumps have kept economists busy scaling back their global growth forecasts for 1979 and the 1980s.

Financial problems also loom, especially for the developing nations. They have already run up some \$220 billion in debts since oil prices began climbing almost six years ago, and the latest rises could add some \$6 billion more to the burden by year's end. Fears are growing of defaults that would shake the private Western banks that have done much of the lending. Turkey, Sudan, Bolivia, Zaïre, Zambia, Jamaica

and other countries are in trouble.

Last week Chase Manhattan Chairman David Rockefeller warned that OPEC's wealth is rising so high that bankers may no longer be able to reinvest it, and he urged that international governmental agencies try to cope with the flood.

Last week, too, the Carter Administration was publicly quarreling with itself over exactly what policy the President would be taking to Tokyo. According to Administration hard-liners, the U.S. would urge a new "get tough" attitude toward OPEC, and warn that if Washington's allies do not cooperate, the U.S. would be prepared to go it alone. Nonsense, sniffed officials at the Department of Energy and the State Department. They contend that the only people advocating a tough guy approach are Treasury Department holdovers from the Nixon years.

Although some Administration spokesmen insist that the U.S. position is not intended to pick a fight with anyone, the interneine squabble has only served to mystify Europeans more than ever. At the least, the nation's allies rightly wonder what the U.S. has to get tough with in the first place. Moral questions aside, military action would be a tactical nightmare. Nor does the nation have much of an economic weapon against OPEC. Cut off grain exports? Argentina or even India could sell much, if not all, of the grain that OPEC needs. Embargo U.S. military equipment sales?

France and others would be only too happy to replace them.

Signs abound that Americans are losing patience with the Administration's weekly parade of officials to testify before congressional committees on "scapecagoat of the week" questions, like whether it is the oil companies or the gasoline retailers, or even Government bungling itself, that is to blame for the energy pinch. In a remarkable press conference last week, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger expressed optimism about gasoline supplies for the remainder of the summer on the basis of a one-week increase in foreign oil imports. Yet almost in the next sentence, he was attacking the oil industry for not refining the crude as rapidly as in previous weeks. While he was speaking, lines of

motorists at Washington, D.C., service stations were reaching their longest lengths since the 1973 Arab oil embargo.

As the Administration has repeatedly emphasized, conservation is a necessary component of any energy program, and Americans are more prepared to support the effort than they are given credit for. A New York Times/CBS News poll last week showed, for instance, that the public would far prefer gasoline rationing to the present skyrocketing price of the fuel.

Congress's sea change from generalized energy skepticism to a mood of "Let's produce" reflects the refreshing new perception in the nation. As a top Energy Department official observed to TIME Washington Correspondent Richard Hornik, "All of a sudden there must be 40 different energy production bills floating around on the Hill. A year ago, when we tried things like that, we were laughed off and accused of empire building."

Last week one of the oil industry's most outspoken critics, Henry Jackson of Washington, chairman of the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee, joined with 19 co-sponsors in introducing a nine-point Energy Supply Act. The program, which would cost many billions of dollars, calls for a new energy partnership between Government and industry.

The House Banking Committee has already approved a less ambitious partnership plan of its own. Its bill, an amendment to the Defense Production Act of 1950, would permit the Government to become the buyer of last resort for up to 500,000 bbl. daily of oil from coal, shale and other alternative sources. That would amount to about 8% of the

Play It Again, Uncle Sam

Nothing inspires the U.S. to deeds of technological der-ring-do like a national emergency. Government and industry join to beat their traditional swords into plowshares—or into synthetic rubber, aluminum, manned rockets and various products needed for survival. Many times the Government has met tremendous challenges by setting clear goals, guaranteeing markets and assigning specific projects to private companies.

This happened during World War II, when the nation was galvanized by fear that Germany would produce the first atomic bomb, and the Government-funded, \$2 billion Manhattan Project unlocked the secrets of nuclear fission. In 1961 President John Kennedy, stung by Sputnik and later by Soviet Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin's orbiting the earth, decreed that the U.S. should put a man on the moon by the end of the decade. A synergistic exchange of technology among Government, science and industry had Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin walking on the moon five months ahead of the deadline.

Now OPEC, which could be considered the Sputnik of the '70s, threatens the rest of the world. The shotgun marriage of Government and industry, to develop alternative energy sources, has yet to be consummated, but history shows what can be accomplished if they join forces.

The closest parallel was another raw-materials crisis almost 40 years ago, when the Japanese invasion of Southeast Asia cut off 90% of the world's natural-rubber supply. The U.S., caught with its stockpiles down and accustomed to importing over half a million tons annually from Asia, was forced to create a synthetic-rubber industry almost from scratch.

After Pearl Harbor, the Government and private companies dithered for four months over how much synthetic rubber to manufacture and how to make it. Wild-eyed investors were promoting schemes to produce it from Mexican guayule shrubs and Russian dandelions. The program started to get on track when the War Production Board decided to go basically with one type of synthetic, Buna-S, made from butadiene and styrene; Standard Oil of New Jersey held the U.S. patent rights for Buna-S. Production goals were set at 800,000 tons a year. Arthur Newhall, a former rubber-company executive, was appointed rubber coordinator, directing the whole program.

At first, executives of rubber companies howled in outrage, for they feared that the Government was letting Jersey Standard into their business. So Newhall spread the manufacture of butadiene and styrene among 14 oil companies, six chemical companies and one rayon firm. The raw materials were then shipped to plants operated by B.F. Goodrich, Goodyear, Firestone and U.S. Rubber, where they were mixed and turned into products. Thus, rubber companies kept control of their industry.

All the production contracts were made between the Government's Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the private corporations on a cost-plus-fixed-fee basis. The Government saw no reason why defense contractors should not be allowed to make a profit.

By mid-1944 the biggest U.S. war-supply problem had been solved. In barely two years the country went from being nearly 100% dependent on imported rubber to requiring it for only 14% of its needs, an amount small enough to come from stockpiles in friendly Liberia, India and Brazil. Synthetic rubber was being produced ahead of schedule at an annual rate of 836,000 tons, more than 25% above the peak prewar imports of rubber. By war's end the Government had built and owned 51 synthetic-rubber plants at a cost of \$700 million. These plants were later sold to private industry, and synthetic products now account for over 75% of U.S. rubber consumption.

That experience offers lessons for today. After several false starts, the Government in World War II decided to concentrate on one method of production and poured resources into it. Top managers were recruited from private industry, there were attractive incentives to manufacture the product—and in a remarkably short time, the nation was almost completely self-sufficient.



Synthetic rubber in 1943

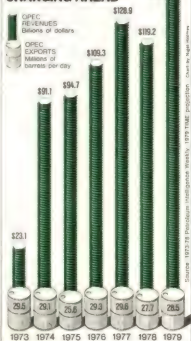


Atom-bomb test in 1946



Walking the moon in 1969

CHARGING AHEAD

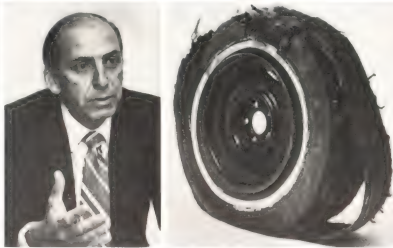


Economy & Business

of current U.S. imports. For now, the synthetic fuel is too expensive to compete with OPEC crude, but the Government's guaranteed market for the product would encourage companies to invest and get the new industry off the ground.

The plan would also help set a free-market ceiling price for oil in the U.S. itself. Reason: If OPEC tried to sell crude at a higher price, customers would turn to the synthetic fuel instead, and rising demand would encourage companies to boost output and build more plants. Says the bill's author, Pennsylvania Democrat William Moorhead: "The need for this approach is clearly established, and private enterprise is just not powerful enough to go it alone." Adds Irving Shapiro, chairman of Du Pont chemicals: "During war we declare a national emergency, pass a war powers act and give the President the authority to do things necessary to win the war. Now we should pass an energy powers act, to give the President the power to set aside unnecessary regulations and barriers to the production of energy."

The U.S. needs all the energy that it can possibly get from within its own borders, and a NASA- or Manhattan Project-type effort would signal to OPEC's price gougers that their days of unrestricted domination and tyranny over the world's biggest single market for oil are coming to an end.



President Mario A. Di Federico, who resigned, and a damaged 500 steel-belted radial

Forewarnings of Fatal Flaws

But Firestone continued to sell a troubled tire

We are making an inferior quality radial tire which will subject us to belt-edge separation at high mileage

That blunt assessment of the dangers of the ill-starred Firestone 500 steel-belted radial was sent to the company's top management by Thomas A. Robertson, Firestone's director of development, in September 1973, one year after production started. Despite his memo, others like it and an epidemic of auto accidents apparently caused by the tire's failing, Firestone over the next five years went ahead to make and sell nearly 24 million 500s at about \$50 each. All along, the company insisted that the tire had no safety defects.

Only last year, under intense Government pressure, did the company end production of the 500 and agree to an order from the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) to recall and replace all the tires on the road with newer 721-model radials. In May 1978, the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations determined that the failure of the tires had been the major cause or the chief contributing factor in a large number of accidents. To date those accidents have involved at least 41 deaths, about 60 injuries and hundreds of incidents of property damage. Over the six-year period the company tried, unsuccessfully, to correct the faults. The primary and recurring problem: blowouts and other failures following a separation of the tread from the steel-belted inner layer.

The company so far has replaced about 3 million tires, or roughly 40% of those estimated to be still in use, and NHTSA Director Joan Claybrook has charged that it is moving too slowly. Says Frank Berndt, the agency's chief counsel:

"The recall has been very disappointing."

TIME has learned that since last November the Securities and Exchange Commission has been quietly investigating Firestone. In a trust that could be applied to other companies, the SEC is weighing whether firms must report to shareholders actions that officers know might risk civil penalties—such as discharging pollutants or making faulty products. Thus the SEC is interviewing Firestone officers and probing company records to see whether top executives knew about and should have disclosed the 500's problems much earlier.

Reports TIME Washington Correspondent Jonathan Beatty, who studied hundreds of Firestone documents: "Internal Firestone corporate records turned over to the NHTSA last year show that top Firestone managers—including President Mario A. Di Federico, who has just announced his resignation—were deeply enmeshed in the several years' effort to deal with and correct the failure problems of the 500 and were, from the beginning, aware of the tire's flaws. The documents show that while Di Federico and virtually all other top executives at one time or another were receiving detailed reports about tire failure from their own production people and major corporate buyers like General Motors and Atlas Tire Co., they still assured the public that the 500 had no safety defects, and were not telling stockholders of the problems."

Firestone confirms that it is under investigation by the SEC. Says a company spokesman: "From the questions they are asking, they are trying to determine just who in management was aware, and whether we disclosed in a timely manner. We are confident that the SEC will

GE's Bright Light

Looking for a razor blade that will never dull? Keep on looking. But how about a light bulb that will last for five years? Last week General Electric introduced its "Electronic Halarc" bulb, a miniature version of the high-wattage metal halide lamps used for outdoor lighting, that will burn four times as long as incandescent bulbs on one-third the electricity. Metal halide technology allows more energy to be transformed into light rather than given off as heat, and thus less electrical current is required. The bulb looks like a double-dip ice cream cone, and the lower part is filled with electronic components: it will screw into standard sockets and will

have two settings, a low of 75 watts and a high of 150 watts. The bulb will go on sale in 1981, which will give customers time to save up for it. Price: \$10, vs. \$1.50 for a conventional three-way bulb. Over its 5,000-hr. life, the company says, each Halarc could save \$20 in electricity costs.



Chevy Malibu beats these foreign cars in gas mileage ratings. And in room. And in price.


TOYOTA
 CORONA 4-DOOR SEDAN
18 EPA
 Estimated MPG†


DATSUN
 810 4-DOOR SEDAN
20 EPA
 Estimated MPG†


VOLVO
 244 4-DOOR SEDAN
18 EPA
 Estimated MPG†




CHEVY MALIBU 4-DOOR SEDAN 22 EPA
 Estimated MPG†

Remember: Compare estimated MPG to other cars. You may get different mileage depending on speed, trip length and weather.

Some people still think foreign family cars are better in price and mileage. Some people are wrong. Compared to these smaller imports, today's Chevy Malibu is clear and away the only place to put your transportation dollar. Which is maybe why Chevy Malibu is America's most popular mid-size sedan.

BETTER MILEAGE. When it comes to gas mileage, Malibu, with its standard V6 engine, beats all three of these smaller foreign cars. In fact, no other 6-cylinder car of any size has a higher EPA gas mileage rating than Chevy Malibu.† Malibu is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

	Price*	Interior Space	Trunk Space	EPA Est. Mileage†
CHEVY MALIBU	\$4915†	102 Cu. Ft.	17 Cu. Ft.	22
TOYOTA CORONA 4-Door Sedan	\$5719†	80 Cu. Ft.	11 Cu. Ft.	18
DATSUN 810 4-Door Sedan	\$8129†	80 Cu. Ft.	8 Cu. Ft.	20
VOLVO 244 4-Door Sedan	\$7585†	89 Cu. Ft.	14 Cu. Ft.	18

*PRICES, MILEAGE ESTIMATES, AND COMPARISONS DO NOT APPLY IN CALIFORNIA.

MORE ROOM. According to the EPA Interior Volume Index, Malibu not only has more interior space for up to six, but it has more trunk space; 17 cubic feet—double the space of Datsun 810!

A LOWER PRICE.* According to Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices for cars as shown, none of the smaller 4-door imports comes close

to Malibu's low price. Tax, license, optional equipment and destination charges are additional. Destination charges vary by location and will affect price comparisons.

The level of standard equipment varies among cars.

Test drive Malibu at your Chevy dealer's.

Chevrolet

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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NEW DORAL II

Now only 5 mg tar.
No other cigarette with
this little tar...



...has this much taste.



ONLY **5** MG TAR

Get what you never had before:
Satisfaction with ultra-low tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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find we disclosed properly." The unexpected resignation of Di Federico, 57, he added, "was for personal reasons."

But the truckload of records that the company was obliged to turn over to the NHTSA show that:

► In November 1972, the first year of 500 production, Development Chief Robertson wrote to Di Federico, then head of North American operations, a memo stating: "We are badly in need of an improvement in belt separation performance, particularly at General Motors, where we are in danger of being cut off by Chevrolet because of separation failures."

► In September 1976, representatives of Shell, which had been selling the 500 as the "Super Shell Steel Radial," met with Firestone personnel. The Firestone minutes of the meeting say that "due to the problems" of customer returns, Shell was prepared to quit marketing the tire or shift to another supplier, perhaps Michelin.

► In late 1976, Montgomery Ward, which had been selling the 500 under its own "Grappler 8000" label, reported to Firestone that returns had reached "epidemic proportions," which "amplifies the fact we were given a bad product."

► Customers returned 17.5% of the tires to dealers, an industry record, although company spokesmen originally said the figure was 7.5%. A Firestone document in 1977 showed that in one year the 500 return rate was as high as 27% and that half of this was probably because of the separations.

The list of references to the early troubles of the tire is long. Atlas Tire wrote to the company in 1973: "In the eyes of Atlas, it appears Firestone is coming apart at the seams and drastic action is required." General Motors and Ford both complained strongly about the 500's high rate of failure.

Even before these new revelations, Firestone's potential legal payments over the matter of the 500 series were large. Last year it settled out of court for \$1.4 million one lawsuit involving two deaths and a quadriplegic survivor, and it now acknowledges at least 250 pending private liability actions, plus further class-action suits demanding billions of dollars in compensation. The company considers such claims to be "outlandish." The Center for Auto Safety, founded by Ralph Nader and Consumers Union, estimates that current liability suits could cost the company as much as \$100 million.

That estimate could prove low, and Firestone's product liability insurance coverage could be partly invalidated if it is proved that top management knew of and covered up the defects. None of the memos and records in Washington that Beatty saw hint that Firestone ever considered stopping production. The company just kept churning out the 500 tires; they just kept failing; customers kept returning them. And company lawyers just kept defending lawsuits brought by accident victims—and their heirs. ■

Flash and a Touch of Brash

Forecaster Michael Evans mines millions from controversy

In the uncertain world of economic forecasting, where most commentary is clothed in the blue serge prose of prudence, Michael Kaye Evans, 40, is a flamboyant exception. Evans delivers his often outrageous, generally gloomy opinions with a resounding finality. His manner has made him a figure of almost constant controversy. Lyle Gramley, a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, calls Evans "the Larry Flynt of econometrics." Yet he is the darling of conservatives on Capitol Hill, where he appears often to testify.

Typically, Evans is now the most vo-



The great doomsayer in a relaxed mood
"The Larry Flynt of econometrics."

cal of a small (but not modest) band of experts who assert that the U.S. is already in recession. That conflicts with the views of most other economists, who expect the slump to start this summer. In one of his last reports for Chase Econometrics, a computerized forecasting service that he is leaving in September, Evans notes that housing starts, retail sales, personal income and especially new durable goods orders have either slowed or fallen sharply. His conclusion: "You can't have an 8½% drop in new orders in one month and avoid a recession."

In fact, Evans has been crying recession for more than a year. Reminding him that he has so far been dead wrong elicits the characteristically brassy reply. "Yes, and I'm going to keep on saying it until I get it right." He expects the decline in gross national product to last from the second quarter of this year through the first

quarter of 1980. The slowdown, in Evans' view, will cause inflation to drop from its present 13% rate to about 8% by 1979's end. Chances of a leveling off of retail food prices are particularly bright because of the huge grain stockpiles and the possibility of another bin-busting crop this fall.

Evans, who majored in economics and mathematics at Brown University, is a pioneer in econometrics, in which hundreds of related equations are fed into a computer to determine what would happen if, say, a 45-day auto strike occurred this fall. In 1963 Evans joined Professor Lawrence Klein at the Wharton School. But Evans broke with him after half a dozen years and later struck a deal with Chase Manhattan Bank to create Chase Econometrics. Forecasting by econometrics became immensely popular with corporate and Government clients, and today is a \$100 million-a-year business.

The field is dominated by three firms, each with its own style. Wharton Econometric Forecasting Associates, under the scholarly Klein, is austere and academic. Data Resources, headed by Harvard's Otto Eckstein, is cerebral and expanding. Under Evans, Chase Econometrics has been outspoken and controversial. Even Chase was not immune to his barbs. When the bank was having trouble in 1975, Evans said: "I have no Chase stock, but if I did, I'd sell it."

Evans damaged his reputation last year when, in a study for business lobbyists, he predicted that the stock market would rise 40% over two years if the capital gains tax were reduced from 49% to 25%. That far-out conclusion only bolstered critics, who charge that Evans sometimes cooks the books to come up with results favorable to his clients. Then Evans called Federal Reserve Board Chairman William Miller "a tool of the Administration." Chase decided that it had had enough and early this year agreed to buy Evans out.

Already he has opened a new Washington-based firm, Evans Economics, which will specialize in corporate productivity studies and commodity futures. With a net worth of about \$3 million, Evans jokes, "I'm now a member of the oppressed minority of millionaires." He has just bought a new house in tony Potomac Falls, Md., complete with a room for a grand piano where he can indulge one of his two passions, playing classical music. Evans' other consuming interest is food. He plans in September to eat his way through three-star restaurants from Lyon to Paris. If the outspoken economist is bothered by the constant criticism, he hides it well. Says he: "You know my motto: 'Often wrong but never in doubt.'" ■

Economy & Business



In Colombo, capital of the former Ceylon, office buildings rise in front of a bustling port

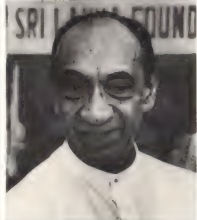
Score One for Capitalism

Its tea off, Sri Lanka gets teed off at socialist controls

Around the world, the siren song of socialism appears to be losing its lure. Countries as diverse as Britain and France, Peru and Algeria are moving away from the creed of nationalization and toward free market economics. None has shifted quite so far, so quickly, as Sri Lanka, the verdant island nation off the coast of India that the world still knows as Ceylon. Reports TIME Correspondent Ross H. Munro:

Sri Lanka is awakening from a long socialist slumber. The severe shortages of such necessities as cloth, soap and matches that bedeviled consumers just two years ago have disappeared. Sarong-clad peasants fire bricks in newly made kilns alongside their coconut groves and paddyfields. The hotels are overbooked with foreign businessmen eager to add to the growing flood of investment from overseas. Since it overwhelmed the leftist regime of Mrs. Srimavo Bandaranaike in the 1977 national elections, the government of President Junius Jayawardene has been chipping away at one of the most complicated and burdensome combinations of restrictive regulation and high taxation ever concocted by 20th century socialists.

The new government has eliminated a multitude of licenses and permits, cut back price controls, reduced import duties and trimmed taxes on business profits and agricultural exports. Private managers have been put in charge of money-losing state corporations, and the government has reduced the free and subsidized rice and flour distributions that ate up more than 30% of the previous regime's annual budget. Foreign investment is now running at about \$40 million a year, 13 times the level seen in the last year of the former government. Sri Lanka, in short, is experiencing creeping capitalism. Says Jayawardene, a law-



Moderate President Junius Jayawardene

Chipping away at regulation and taxes.

yer: "The developing world is now giving up controls. Not only us. They've found it does not pay."

It has taken more than 30 years for Sri Lanka to find that out. After gaining independence from Britain in 1948, the country set up a welfare state that paid tangible dividends. Because of its free medical and educational programs, Sri Lanka today has one of the highest life expectancy and adult literacy rates in the developing world. But from the 1950s onward, socialist governments imposed increasingly stiff taxes on business to finance a maze of nationalized enterprises and a complex web of regulations that controlled everything from trade to foreign exchange.

In the early 1970s, the government seized the tea plantations that long generated about half the nation's export earnings. The result was a disaster. The plantations became run down as reinvestment

was cut back, periodic replanting was stopped, and fertilizers were not applied. Production of Sri Lanka's three major exports (tea, rubber and coconut) plunged. Foreign investment dropped, and price and import controls created such shortages that city dwellers lined up to buy the simplest necessities.

At the same time, private companies were paying as much as 90% of their profits in direct and indirect taxes. A bloated civil service, 420,000 strong, was required for an island population of 14.5 million. Recalls Rajah Maharaja, a leading businessman: "Many civil servants indulged in vindictive interference."

The then socialist government of the Sri Lanka Freedom Party (in coalition with the Communists and Trotskyists) was so discredited by 1977 that Jayawardene entered the election campaign daring to say nice things about foreign investment. When opponents condemned him as the "high priest of capitalism," Jayawardene blithely replied: "Let the robber barons come." Though his United National Party won that election by a landslide and last month again sent his political opponents down to defeat in local elections, he must still tread cautiously. The lifting of controls and the doubling of economic growth to 6%, together with higher oil prices, have sent inflation soaring to 17% or more. In a country where the per capita income remains below \$200, rising prices particularly hurt those who have yet to benefit fully from the economic surge. While the high level of education will help future industrial growth, it creates problems at a time when adult unemployment is substantial.

The government's success will be determined largely by two key undertakings:

► As part of an assault on unemployment, Sri Lanka plans to build five major dams and reservoirs over the next six years. The \$1.2 billion project, more than half financed by foreign aid, will employ 225,000 workers and add greatly to electricity generation and farm irrigation.

► As part of its open-door policy toward foreign investment, Sri Lanka has established a free-trade zone north of Colombo, where investors can be granted exemption from import duties and taxes.

Despite problems over lack of paved roads, running water and communications, six factories have already been set up and more are a-budging. Some will make work gloves, tea bags and latex rubber threads, but most will produce garments for the U.S. market. Indeed, many companies have been attracted because the U.S. does not yet impose import quotas on Sri Lankan garments. Typically, Jeffrey Bogatin, owner of a New York-based garment business, was attracted by wage costs of 73¢ an hour and a five-year tax holiday. Says he: "I'm shocked that there is not more of a rush by industry to this place. The people are educated and eager to work. This country is on the way up."



Newlyweds Diane and Jerry Weiman aloft in their bridal balloon



Dick Bailey and Linda Sue Leasure celebrate nuptials in a race

Living

More Spectacle Than Ritual

When some couples wed, they refuse to tie square knots

Easy sex notwithstanding, more Americans than ever are opting for the traditional walk down the aisle. Still, there are many who want to make the Big Day more a spectacle than a ritual. To wit, Bride Annie Bowman who went topless in a Las Vegas showroom called the Jolly Trolley along with a kick line of 25 topless dancers doubling as bridesmaids. A Chicago disco was the setting for a Jewish ceremony with a fog machine filling the room with smoke at the very moment the couple broke the glasses. This week seven couples will tie the knot in front of some 15,000 spectators in the Atlanta Fulton County Stadium. The group ceremony takes place on the pitcher's mound before a Braves game.

Other unusual nuptials: ▶ When Donna Clement, 23, a graphic artist, and Alexander DeVito Jr., 36, a former Navy man, decided to get married, Clement thought it might be appropriate to hold the ceremony on the Staten Island Ferry (where both her fiancé and his father work as deck hands).

Having received the necessary clearance, the couple were married last week on the bridge deck of the good ship *Cornelius G. Kolff* shortly after the boat left Staten Island on its 25-minute run to Manhattan. The cost of the love boat was modest indeed: members of the wedding and guests

were charged the standard 25¢ ferry fare.

▶ Dick Bailey, 38, a salesman, and Linda Sue Leasure, 32, a catering manager, decided to tie the knot during the Kinetic Sculpture Race, a Ferndale, Calif., festivity that draws some 10,000 spectators. Bailey's entry: a carousel-shaped contraption covered with pink, blue and white tissue-paper flowers. Powered by four children walking around the platform, the float broke down less than a block from the starting line. Though Bailey, Leasure and the bridesmaids ended up pushing their contrivance along the 200-yd course, they did get to the finish line—in time for the wedding ceremony.

▶ At 5 a.m., a mist was still rising from the damp field near Frederick, Colo. Not the most popular hour for a wedding, but certainly the most congenial time for ballooning in the early morning breezes. After solemnly repeating their vows, Diane Baumbach, 39, a secretary, and Jerry Weiman, 33, an amusement park employee, clambered into the bridal balloon, which was decked with a rope of carnations, satin bows and dangling tin cans. Touching down an hour later, the newlyweds celebrated with champagne while onlookers recited the balloon prayer, beginning: "The winds have welcomed you with softness."



The Clement-DeVito wedding party aboard the Staten Island Ferry
Also a topless bride in Las Vegas and Jewish vows in a disco.



Jar of Apricots: a fervid opposition of fire and ice



Basket of Wild Strawberries: absorbed in the visual to the point of self-effacement

Art

Sonneteer of a World at Rest

Jean-Siméon Chardin: a bicentennial retrospective

By general consent, Jean-Siméon Chardin was one of the supreme artists of the 18th century, and probably the greatest master of still life in the history of painting. Yet there has not been, until now, a full-dress retrospective of his work. To mark the 200th anniversary of his death, at the age of 80 in 1779, a huge Chardin show opened in January at the Grand Palais in his native Paris, with 142 paintings, drawings and pastels, and a catalogue by one of Europe's most distinguished art historians, Pierre Rosenberg. Two American institutions took part in the production, the Cleveland Museum of Art and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; this month the Chardin exhibition—shorn, alas, to 90 works—opened in Cleveland, before moving to Boston in the fall. It is a real event, the kind of show, rare today, that quietly assigns the Tuts and Pompeis to the perspective of show-biz trivia in which they belong.

To see Chardin's art, in the twilight of a period stuffed with every kind of jerky innovation, narcissistic blurring and trashy "relevance," is to be reminded that lucidity, deliberation, unaffectedness, probity and calm are still the chief virtues of the art of painting. Chardin has long been a painter's painter, studied—and, when his work was cheap, collected—by other artists. He deeply affected at least three of the founders of modernism, Cézanne, Matisse and Braque, and Van Gogh com-

pared him to Rembrandt. What seized them in his work was not the humility of its subject matter so much as its ambition as pure painting. The mediation between the eye and the world that Chardin's canvases propose is inexhaustible.

If he were judged merely as a social

recorder, he would not have a special place. One does not need to be a historian to know how narrow his field of social vision was. He ignored the public ostentation of his time, as well as the private misery. Most of his paintings are condensed sonnets in praise of the middle path, the sober life of the Parisian *petite bourgeoisie*, especially as embodied in his own household. He is said to have had a chirpy sense of humor, and there is certainly a sly and robust irony in his *singerie*, or monkey paintings, where hairy little parodies of man play at being painters and connoisseurs.

But of social criticism there is no trace. The nurse in *Meal for a Convalescent*, who stands opening a boiled egg in a kind of reverential silence, like a secular descendant of Georges de La Tour's saints, is not a representative of the class war; the efforts of some historians to see Chardin's servants as emblems of an oppressed proletariat on the eve of the French Revolution are simply beside the point. A sense of social precariousness is the last thing one could expect to meet in a Chardin; indeed, one can hardly imagine him working without the conviction that his way of life was immutable—that there would always be nurses to make beef tea, scullions to bargain for chickens, and governesses to scold the children; that the kitchen skimmers and casseroles and spice pots that he painted, over and over again, were in some important sense as durable as the Maison Carree or the Colosseum.

No painter ever traveled less in search of nourishment. Apart from trips to Versailles, Chardin may not have left Paris once in all his years. He



*Little Girl with Shuttlecock: intimacy and decorum
Putting the Tuts and Pompeis where they belong*

was a completely metropolitan man, a fact that seems oddly at variance with his paintings, since, as Pierre Rosenberg remarks, "one would like to imagine Chardin a solitary individual, a provincial."

Chardin's prolonged meditation on brown crockery and the spiky fur of dead hares took place in the midst of an effluence of luxury art—pink bodies, swirling fronds of gold ornament, rinsed allegorical skies: the rococo style. It pervaded his milieu, and he did not despise it, but it was alien to his temperament. What he craved was neither luxury nor the high rhetoric of history painting, but apprehensible truth, visible, familiar, open to touch and repetition. The truth about an onion could be tested again and again; the truth about a Versailles shepherdess was, to put it mildly, more labile.

This fixation on truth and nature endeared him to advanced thinkers in France, especially to Denis Diderot, compiler of the monumental *Encyclopédie*. "It is the chief business of art," Diderot declared in 1765, "to touch and to move, and to do this by getting close to nature." Chardin, Diderot said, epitomized that ambition at work: "Welcome back, great magician, with your mute compositions! How eloquently they speak to the artist! How much they tell him about the representation of nature, the science of color and harmony! How freely the air flows around these objects!" Few painters have ever had such a press as the one which, interrupted by a few decades of neglect after his death, greeted Chardin from Diderot, the Goncourt brothers, Gide, Proust and dozens of others.

And, what is rarer, their praise was deserved. For Chardin had two great gifts. The first was his ability to absorb himself in the visual to the point of self-effacement. Now and again, as in his *Basket of Wild Strawberries*—the glowing red cone, compressing the effluence of a volcano onto a kitchen table, balanced by two white carnations and the cold, silvery transparencies of a water glass—the sense of rapture is delivered almost before the painting is grasped.

But the fervor of this painting, almost literally an opposition of fire and ice, is comparatively rare in Chardin's output. Generally his still lifes declare themselves more slowly. One needs to savor the *Jar of Apricots*, for instance, before discovering its resonances, which are not only visual but tactile: how the tambour lid of the round box accords with the oval shape of the canvas itself and is echoed by the drumlike tightness of the paper tied over the apricot jar; how the horizontal axis of the table is played upon by the stuttering line of red—wingless fruit, and painted fruit on the coffee cups, how the slab of bread repeats the rectangular form of the packet on the right, with its cunningly placed strings; and how all these rhymes of shape and format are reinforced by the subtle interchange of color and reflection between the objects, the warm paste of Chardin's paint holding

an infinite series of correspondences.

Unfortunately, some of this is lost in the Cleveland installation, which denies the paintings the daylight they need, and bathes everything in electric glare. What remains unmistakable is the way Chardin extended his ideal of the family to include groups of objects as well as people. Once one has been through the show, the props of his still lifes, which were also the normal appurtenances of his home life, become like familiar faces: the patriarchal

gentle muteness that Diderot perceived often turns into a noble ineloquence, as though Piero della Francesca were visiting the nursery. In some way Chardin's absorption in the act of painting paralleled the absorption of children in their games, which he painted. One has only to look at the figure in his portrait, *Little Girl with Shuttlecock*—the expressionless face and white shoulders jammed into the stiff bodice like an ice cream into its cone, the sequence of forms pinned together by



Meal for a Convalescent: a craving for familiar, apprehensible truth

Exemplifying Diderot's dictum, "to touch and to move by getting close to nature."

mass of his copper water urn, perched on its squat tripod; the white teapot with its rakish finial; the painted china that signaled his growing prosperity, and so on down to the last stoneware *daubière*, all signifying a world in which the eye could work without alienation or even strain.

This patient construction, this sense of the intrinsic worth of seeing, combines with Chardin's second gift: his remarkable feeling for the poetic (rather than didactic) moments of human gesture. It permeates his genre scenes and portraits, especially the portraits of children: the

accents of blue on her cap, her dress, her scissors ribbon and the feathers of the shuttlecock—to realize the truth of Rosenberg's insight: "The world that Chardin imposes on his figures is a closed world, a stopped world... a world at rest, a world of 'indefinite duration.'"

There are almost no precedents in earlier art for Chardin's extraordinary blend of intimacy and decorum; and to find anything like it in later painting, one must go forward a century to impressionism, without often finding its equal there.

—Robert Hughes



Sinatra receiving decoration in Los Angeles



Pittsburgh Steeler Lynn Swann after ceremony with Bride Bernadette and Teammate Franco Harris

People

"My father, God bless him, would have burst his buttons. My blessed mother would have been running from door to door to tell the neighbors the good news." Neither, alas, was alive to see their distinguished son **Frank Sinatra** invested as a *grande ufficiale al merito della repubblica italiana*. The citation read by **Amedeo Cerchione**, Italian consul general in Los Angeles, ranked Sinatra a "great and meritorious official of the Italian republic" for his philanthropic work, the prestige he has brought Italy as an Italian American and, of course, because he has "proved himself a brilliant actor, a most capable interpreter of drama with award-winning performances, and a talented singer whose voice holds an always

identifiable quality of uniqueness." Sinatra accepted on behalf of "all those fine, decent people out there all over America who get out of bed every morning to do their share and more to reflect honor on their parents' country by contributing to this country."

■ Egypt, Morocco, the Bahamas and now Mexico. With yet another welcome mat yanked away, Cuernavaca was the latest stop for Iran's deposed **Mohammed Reza Pahlavi**, Wife **Farah**, Son **Reza**, 18, and their royal entourage. After unpacking in a walled-in, eleven-bedroom villa ringed by cypress and bougainvillea, the Shah resumed his tennis at the posh Cuernavaca Racquet Club and

spoke briefly to newsmen. What of events back home? "Obviously, my heart is bleeding." One more move, north of the border? "It would depend on whether we were welcome." **Henry Kissinger**, for one, certainly believes they should be. Last week he admitted pressing Mexican authorities to issue the Shah his 90-day tourist visa. Said he: "I felt the U.S. had a moral obligation to stand by a man who had been a friend."

■ He may still claim to be the greatest, but West German boxing fans thought he looked more like the weightiest. **Muhammad Ali**, on a 20-day, seven-city European tour, was so flabby that he wore a T shirt during his exhibition bouts. The champ, now 37, claimed to be "at the most" only 22 lbs. over his fighting trim of 220 lbs., but others reckoned him 50 lbs. above par. In Essen, a crowd of 2,500, who had paid up to \$131 a ticket, watched dumbfounded as West German Boxer **George Butzbach** put the puffing champ on the ropes with a series of sharp counter-punches. A winded Ali never did finish another match with former European Champion **Karl Mildenberger**. As they said after World War II, *Ali's kaputt in Deutschland*.

■ The scene had a passing resemblance to *Semi-Tough*: bedecked in formal duds rather

than football pads, premier Pittsburgh Steeler Wide Receiver **Lynn Swann**, 27, ran an unfamiliar pattern down the aisle of Hollywood's United Methodist Church to wed a comely model and Santa Monica College student, **Bernadette Robi**, 21, with assistance from beaming teammates and friends like **Franco Harris**, **O.J. Simpson** and **Sam ("Bam") Cunningham**. As part of the mostly traditional ceremony, Swann, who writes poetry on the sidelines, recited one ditty composed for his bride ("My soul is your soul and time is our instrument to build life upon love"). He also explained the Swanns' way: "We're both very old-fashioned. That's why we didn't live together before we got married."

On the Record

John O'Leary, Deputy U.S. Secretary of Energy: "There isn't a gasoline shortage. There's a driving surplus."

Frank Rizzo, mayor of Philadelphia, who leaves city hall in December after eight years in office: "This city could never pay Frank Rizzo back for what I've done—slept on floors, no holidays, no vacation. I knew I was the difference between destruction and disorder."

Headline of the Week from Variety: LOTS OF MULLAH IN IRAN'S SHOW BIZ.



Shah and Empress meet newsmen in Cuernavaca at their latest villa

Sport

The Spirit of St. Louis

At 40, Lou Brock is inspiring the young Cardinals

The faithful in Busch Stadium were chanting, "Lou! Lou! Lou!" as the slender black man stepped to the plate for the St. Louis Cardinals last week. With a flick of the wrists, he smacked a grounder to deep short that San Diego's Ozzie Smith fielded flawlessly. Wasting not a step, he fired the ball to first base.

Too late. Louis Clark Brock turns 40 this week, an age when most major leaguers are sauntering to the mailbox in search of invitations to old-timers' games, but he managed to beat out another grounder. It was the 2,947th hit in a major league career that stretches back to 1961. If he stays healthy, Brock will surely get his 3,000th hit this season. That accomplishment would guarantee him a place in baseball's Hall of Fame—if he had not already earned his spot another way: by stealing 921 bases, breaking Ty Cobb's career record by 29.

Brock may have slowed down to a respectable 3.9 sec. from home to first—compared with the blur of 3.1 sec. in his early days—but he is still beating out so many hits that last week he was batting .368 and leading the league. Brock's explosive start is a key reason for the early-season sprint of the Cardinals, who last week were battling the equally surprising Montreal Expos for the lead of the National League East.

With the notable exception of Brock, the Cards are largely a young and inexperienced team, and Manager Ken Boyer worries about what will happen when the pennant race tightens in September. Boyer is counting on Brock's steadying hand. "He can motivate a team," says the manager. "He thrives on pressure." Brock frankly declares: "Someone has to light the spark. I've been it. I possess the unique ability to do it."

Brock is not exaggerating. Over the years, he has been one of the best money players in the game. In the 1968 World Series, though his team lost to the Detroit Tigers, Brock hit an awesome .464. His lifetime series average is .391, highest for anyone who has played 20 or more games. A year ago, Brock had problems with his swing, hit only .221 and rode the bench. This season his swing is back in the groove, and Brock is playing regularly. "I'm very visible this year," he says, "and the team responds to it."

That it does. "He's the elder statesman," says All-Star Catcher Ted Simmons, 29, who is hitting .316 and has 16 home runs. "Once he makes his feelings



The league leader

known, we all use it as a guidepost." Brock has been particularly helpful in soothing Keith Hernandez, 25, the occasionally moody first baseman, who is batting .322. "He shows me how to handle the peaks and valleys," says Hernandez.

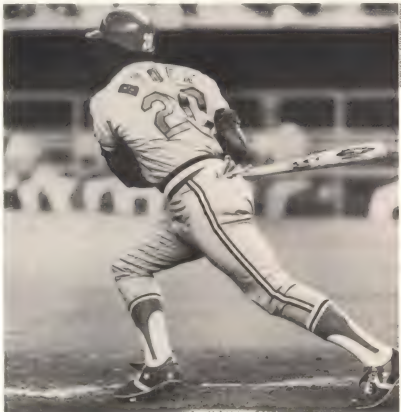
Relaxed and confident, the Cardinals are hitting like mad. The team average is .291, highest in the majors, and in a recently completed twelve-game home stand, St. Louis batted an astonishing .364. Seven of the

starters are hitting over their lifetime averages. Rightfielder George Hendrick, 29, is batting .342, fourth in the league, and Shortstop Garry Templeton, 23, is averaging .332 and fielding with a brilliance that recalls the feats of the great Marty ("Slats") Marion, who played the position for the glorious Cardinal teams of the 1940s. With the hits falling like raindrops,

small wonder that the Cards celebrate each victory in the locker room with a blaring disco rendition of *We Are Family* by Sister Sledge.

Next year the family patriarch of the St. Louis Cardinals will not be joining the celebrations, or so he claims. "I want to go out on top," he says, talking of his retirement, and he clearly is on top this year. If he does leave the game, he will have no trouble filling his days. Brock already supplements his \$250,000 salary by running Lu-Wan Enterprises (named after two of his three children: Lou Jr., 15, and Wanda, 17). The firm annually sells half a million hats topped with a multicolored umbrella that Brock designed himself. The company also handles T-shirts inscribed U.S. OLYMPIC SEX TEAM. In addition, Brock owns a sporting-goods store and a flower shop, both in the St. Louis area, and works as a consultant for Converse sneakers.

Five years ago, pondering retirement, Brock said: "There's got to be a time when the 90 ft. to first base looks more like 110 ft. When that happens, I'll be the first to recognize it." For all his talk of quitting, first base still looks only 90 ft. away—and sometimes less. Louis Brock and the St. Louis Cardinals are off and running. ■



St. Louis' "elder statesman" leading by example as he closes in on his 3,000th hit
"Someone has to light the spark. I possess the unique ability to do it."

Behavior



Experimenting Nazi doctors subject a Dachau inmate to extremes of temperature

Doctors of the Death Camps

An American psychiatrist examines some murderous M.D.s

Of all the troubling questions that linger from the Holocaust, one is as baffling today as it was when the first Allied soldiers stumbled upon the Nazi death camps: How could German physicians, heirs to Europe's proudest medical tradition, participate in mass slaughter and grisly human experiments?

No one has offered a convincing answer, certainly not the participants themselves. Only last week a West Berlin court convicted a former SS doctor of having murdered scores of inmates at the Mauthausen concentration camp in Austria—"sometimes out of pure boredom," said the judge. For Yale Psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton, who has spent much of his professional life examining disaster, understanding the doctors of the Holocaust has now become a particularly grim challenge.

The author of a notable study of Hiroshima survivors, *Death in Life*, and other examinations of disaster, Lifton is writing two books: one on Auschwitz doctors, another on the medical profession under Hitler. As Lifton told TIME Associate Editor John Leo, collaboration by doctors was crucial to the Nazis' warped success. Says Lifton "Doctors were key agents in the Holocaust. They are enormously implicated in the killing."

Lifton, 53, had been planning to write about the Holocaust for years, but this opportunity came by chance. Two years ago, the New York Times Book Co., a subsidiary of the newspaper, hired a German jurist as a consultant for a proposed book on Auschwitz. Lifton agreed to write it. Financed by the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Rockefeller

Foundation, Lifton spent ten months in Europe and the Middle East interviewing scores of German doctors, former Nazi bureaucrats and inmate doctors, mostly Jewish and Polish.

For Lifton, a Jew, these examinations were obviously painful. Even a generation later, Lifton found, many of the German doctors resorted to complicated mental gymnastics in discussing their Hitler days, and often seemed to be almost totally unreconstructed. Some saw themselves as idealistic Nazis who worked to restrain primitive elements within the movement. Others continued to feel the magnetism of Nazism. As Lifton explains, in an almost defensively clinical tone: "Often the former Nazi doctors seem to have two separate and functional selves—a conventional conservative postwar German attitude toward Nazism and its 'excesses' and a nostalgia for the excitement, power and sense of purpose of the Nazi days. For many, that intensity is so great that the Nazi belief system has not been given up."

Lifton concedes that most other German professionals also capitulated to Hitler, with certain heroic exceptions. What made the corruption of physicians so crucial to Hitler was that their support provided moral and scientific legitimacy for his crazed racial and biological notions. They did this in varying ways: by cooperating in sterilization and euthanasia programs, by counseling patients toward "racially pure" marriages, by expelling Jews from medicine, and by actually help-

ing carry out the Holocaust. After all, it was doctors who supervised the "selections" at the concentration camps—deciding who would live to work, who would die in the gas chambers, who would become guinea pigs in barbarous experiments justified as science.

Says Lifton: "Doctors were the embodiment of Nazi political and racial ideology in its ultimate murderous form. The killing came to be projected as a medical operation." Incredibly, some came to see genocide as a health measure. Said one: "If you have a gangrenous growth, you have to remove it." Another commented coldly that life at Auschwitz was as routine as "building a sewage project." Against the background of a eugenics movement that gained unfortunate respectability in some scientific circles in Europe and America during the '30s, says Lifton, "many doctors came to see themselves as vast revolutionary biological therapists." The third ranking doctor in the Nazi hierarchy admitted to him that he joined the party when someone fired his imagination by arguing that "Nazism is applied biology."

How did so many doctors manage to preside over killings while viewing themselves as idealists? And how could they possibly continue to regard themselves in so favorable a light even today? Lifton concludes that they invoked two standard psychological forms of self-delusion: the first is "psychic numbing"; at Auschwitz, for example, doctors talked compulsively about technical matters to avoid confronting the reality of all the horrors around them. The second is "middle knowledge,"

a form of knowing and not knowing at the very same time. One doctor who had shipped large allocations of cyanide to the SS storm troopers who ran the camps seemed genuinely shocked to learn that it had been used to exterminate Jews and other people. Comments Lifton dryly: "He had worked very hard not to know."

Lifton sees another, more controversial psychological device at work. Because most cul-

tures fear dying, one way to combat that dread is to look around for an enemy that symbolizes death. For the Nazis, it was the Jews, who had long been portrayed as Christ killers. Says Lifton: "If you view the Jews as death-tainted, then killing them seems to serve life." In Lifton's eyes, those who look upon the Nazis or their medical henchmen simply as maddened sadists are on the wrong track. "Most killing is not done out of sadism, not even most Nazi killing," says Lifton. The reality of medical participation in the Holocaust, as he sees it, is even more chilling: "The murders are done around a perverted vision of life enhancement." ■



Robert Jay Lifton

Books

Four Poets and Their Songs

An epic in progress and brief, memorable histories

MIRABELL: BOOKS OF NUMBER

by James Merrill

Atheneum; 182 pages; \$10.95

The centerpiece of *Divine Comedies* (1976), James Merrill's last book of poetry, was a 90-page narrative that turned a parlor game into a trip through the first circles of the supernatural. *The Book of Ephraim* recounted how Merrill and his friend David Jackson used a Ouija board to contact Ephraim, a witty Greek Jew born in A.D. 8; it then followed the two-way conversations that ensued over the next 20 years. This device gave the added ballast of history to Merrill's already established lyric and autobiographical skills: Ephraim's was the spirit of a number of ages, and he proved himself to be a talkative and entertaining tour guide. The imaginary collaboration yielded a poem of rare ambition and scope, a sinuous, sensuous meditation on death and timelessness.

Mirabell, Books of Number takes what began as a baroque saga and amplifies it to an epic. The new book again offers Merrill, Jackson and a Ouija board. The place is their house in Stonington, Conn., the time the summer of 1976. Ephraim reappears, although vastly overshadowed by the band of dark creatures urgently seeking the poet's attention. They are the fallen angels, now reduced to minding the machinery set in motion by God, whom they call Biology. As the ensnared cup moves among the capital letters on the Ouija board, their plea is spelled out: FIND US BETTER PHRASES FOR THESE HISTORIES WE POUR FORTH/ HOOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT MAN WILL LOVE HIS MIND & LANGUAGE. Merrill modestly replies: "Today that's a responsibility/ Not to be faced." Then curiosity gets the better of him: "On with the history!"

And what a history: primordial creation, the slow appearance of grassy Edens, the rise and fall of Atlantis and the centaurs, the fatal presumptuousness of Akhnaton and Queen Nefertiti, God Biology's new orders for the progress of mankind: THERE SHALL BE NO ACCIDENT, THE SCRIBE SHALL/ SUPPLANT RELIGION, & THE ENTIRE APPARATUS/ DEVELOP THE WAY TO PARADISE. The dark powers are given the responsibility of setting up a research laboratory to clone worthy souls. *Mirabell*, the name Merrill gives his chief informant, explains: A MERE 2 MILLION CLONED SOULS LISTEN TO EACH OTHER WHILE/ OUTSIDE THEY HOWL & PRANCE SO RECENTLY OUT OF THE TREES. What has alarmed Heaven and agitated *Mirabell* to speak is a recent cloud on the human horizon: A CONCERTED USE OF



James Merrill: ballast of history



Leslie Ullman: mercurial consciousnesses

Women, waiting for something or someone.

ATOMIC/ WEAPONRY NOW FALLING INTO HANDS OF ANIMALS SOULS.

Merrill is of course up to something more complex than chanting "No more nukes," although that message is undeniably in the work. The cosmology he assembles is as elaborate and beautiful as any set to poetry since Yeats wrote of gyres and phases of the moon. It also dances with humor. The late W.H. Auden, now an onlooker in heaven, plays an owlish Vergil to Merrill's Dante. "Did you realize," Merrill asks, "that people have plutonium in their lymph glands?" Auden taps back: SURELY ONLY THE BETTER CLASSES.

Among the other marvels is Merrill's mastery of forms, so skillful as to pass by almost unnoticed. Humans speak in a supple, casually rhymed iambic pentameter. A hurricane strikes the East Coast:

... Attempting to rehearse
Last night's coffee, toast some
raisin bread.
We find our electricity gone dead.
Now each his own conductor, and
at more
Than concert pitch, rips through his
repertoire
On the piano while the other races
For towels and pots—no end of
dripping places.

Yet Merrill's own repertoire includes a Horatian ode, several forms of sonnets, a slightly modified villanelle and a stretch of *Dantesque terza rima*.

Unlike wine, great poems do not require aging. But they must wait for an audience to grow up to them. While this process takes place, another pleasure is promised. *Mirabell* foretells a concluding sequel, when the angels themselves will speak. Since Merrill, 53, already writes like one, it will be hard to wait for what they have to say.

NATURAL HISTORIES

by Leslie Ullman

Yale University; 53 pages; \$8.95 hardcover, \$3.95 paperback

The Yale Series of Younger Poets has produced such distinguished alumni as John Ashbery, Adrienne Rich and Muriel Rukeyser. This year's winner, selected from a field of 475, is Leslie Ullman, 31, a college teacher now living in Kansas City, and she has already cleared the first two hurdles facing all beginning poets: having something to say and saying it well. Ullman stakes a claim on the borderline between the real and the imagined. Her people, mostly women waiting for something or someone, are mercurial consciousnesses flowing smoothly from past to future or recording temperatures that have not yet occurred. One woman preens in a room, anticipating the man who is to meet her, smiling at herself

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Datsun 510	(24)	13.2	(317)	Volvo 260	(17)	15.8	(269)
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Books

as he might. Conclusion is anticlimax:

*And when the man arrives
looking for someone slender,
someone smelling of petals,
someone whose hands might follow
the curve
of his great sadness*

*he finds strands of long hair in the
brush,
long dresses in the closet,
himself in the mirror with a young
girl
who keeps rising to touch books and
small objects,
who keeps looking out the window
as if someone were waiting.*

Such encounters haunt the mind after the words are over. Ullman's fluid imagination marks her as the one she addresses in a poem: "You no longer know a difference/ between question and travel."



Philip Levine: industrial detritus

7 YEARS FROM SOMEWHERE
by Philip Levine
Atheneum; 70 pages; \$4.95

Philip Levine's poems vibrate between the down but not out and the out but not down. His speakers are guerrillas, trapped in an endless battle long after the war has been lost. Their milieu is one of industrial detritus; they drift through the abandoned sets of grade-B thrillers:

*... I thought I could
hold the darkness the way a man
holds a cup of coffee before
he wakens, the way he pulls
at a cigarette and wonders
how he came to this room, the walls
scarred with the gray brush
of years ...*

Levine's short muscular lines capture not just the sense of loss but also the wonder that loss antedates. Oddly, the memory dodges bathos and becomes elegiac. A grown man retraces the field where he once hacked away at milkweed plants, and sees "a froth of seeds" from the plants' descendants drifting by. Another sojourn in the past thinks of Detroit (where Levine, 51, was born), and then of snow; he translates it into the tears of souls lost and gone to heaven:

*and given their choice chose then
to return to earth, to lay their
great pale cheek against the
burning
cheek of earth and say, There, there
child.*

NEW & SELECTED THINGS TAKING
PLACE
by May Swenson
Atlantic-Little, Brown
301 pages; \$12.50

This handsome collection of works old and new is a proper retrospective for a writer who has become, in the past 25 years, one of the most accessible of all living U.S. poets. Her works have appeared nearly everywhere, from the quarterlies and *The New Yorker* to the *New York Times* and the *Chicago Tribune Magazine*. Such popularity does not come free. At her least strenuous, Swenson picks up



May Swenson: sense of impermanence

quotidian chatter and reproduces it:

*Like, everyone wants to look black
in New York these days.
Faces with black lenses, black
frames around the eyes,
faces framed in black
beards. Afros on all the blacks—
beautiful. But like,
everyone looks puff-headed.*

She even commits that most worn-out philistine pastime, making fun of abstract art. The happy news is that such limp work forms a minority in the book. Swenson is at her best in natural, isolated settings. Her eye for detail is both loving and fierce. She runs alone on a beach:

*My twin, my sprinting shadow on
yellow shag,
wand of summer over my head, it
seems
that we could run forever while the
strong
waves crash. But the sun takes its
belly under.
Flashing above magnetic peaks of
the ocean's
purple heave, the gannet climbs,
and turning, turns
to a black sword that drops,
hilt-down, to the deep.*

This aching sense of impermanence, of pleasure heightened by its imminent disappearance, is a constant refrain in Swenson's best poems. September is her season:

*... A lateborn
cardinal ticks and
whistles—too pale*

*and thin. Too vivid,
the last pink
petunia's indrawn mouth.*

— Paul Gray

Editor's Choice

FICTION: A Bend in the River, V.S. Naipaul • Dublin's Lives, Bernard Malamud • Sleepless Nights, Elizabeth Hardwick • Sophie's Choice, William Styron • Territorial Rights, Muriel Spark • The Living End, Stanley Elkin • The Whole Truth, John Ehrlichman

NONFICTION: Billy Graham, Marshall Prady • Confession and Avoidance, Leon Jaworski • Confessions of a Conservative, Garry Wills • The Medusa and the Snail, Lewis Thomas • The Nabokov-Wilson Letters 1940-1971, edited by Simon Karlinsky • The Powers That Be, David Halberstam • To Set the Record Straight, John J. Sirica

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Matarese Circle, Ludlum (1 last week)
2. War and Remembrance, Wouk (6)
3. The Island, Benchley (3)
4. The Third World War, Hackert, et al. (9)
5. Sphinx, Cook
6. Shibusmi, Trevanian (4)
7. Chesapeake, Michener (7)
8. Good as Gold, Heller (2)
9. The Vicar of Christ, Murphy (5)
10. Ghost Story, Straub (8)

NONFICTION

1. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, Tarnower & Baker (1)
2. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, Pritikin with McGrady (3)
3. The Powers That Be, Halberstam (2)
4. The Medusa and the Snail, Thomas (7)
5. How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, Ruff (4)
6. Lauren Bacall by Myself, Bacall (5)
7. The Bronx Zoo, Lyle & Goldenbook (6)
8. To Set the Record Straight, Sirica (8)
9. Cruel Shoes, Martin (10)
10. The Winner's Circle, Conn



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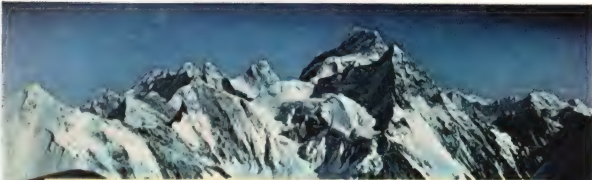
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Theater

Madcap Villain

RICHARD III

by William Shakespeare

A Pacino ought to have sprouted a long, pointy mustache for his *Richard III* so he could twirl it. Returning to the stage for this limited engagement (through July 15) at Broadway's Cort Theater, the man who mumbled so effectively through two *Godfathers* on-screen turns Shakespeare's "bunch-back'd toad" into a smarmy caricature villain out of silent movies and old comic strips; he personifies the sort of dastard who forecloses the mortgage on the family farm and threatens the virtue of fair young damsels.

In Shakespearean terms, this inter-



Al Pacino in *Richard III*

Committing the actor's cardinal sin.

pretation is an unconscionable outrage, yet it leaves a vivid comic impression. What makes Pacino dreadfully wrong for the role enhances what is pricklingly funny about the way he plays it. In social mobility, this young (39) actor has come a long way upward from The Bronx, but no one has been able to mouthwash The Bronx from his speech patterns. From moment to moment, his urban streetside inflection breaks up the house, deliberately. Pacino has insufficient breath control to carry a Shakespearean line, so he spits out the poetry and mars the imagery. He strikes just two vocal chords: one, the bawling rant, the other the insinuating little-boy whiner. Furthermore, he tends to lisp. Toward the end of the play, when Richard's fortunes are abysmally low, he asks one of his few loyal allies: "Will our friends pwoove all twoo?"

Pacino commits the cardinal sin of the actor by playing directly and shamelessly to the audience, even to the point of fa-

cial telegraphy with broad smirks, grins and grimaces. It is an attention-getting device for securing the playgoers' sympathy. As a result, the corrupt ambition and awful malignity of Richard are whittled away, and he appears as no more than a roguish prankster.

The whole enterprise has been directed like a five-alarm fire by David Wheeler, so that the dynamics of action and the definition of character are lost. One exception is the scene in which Richard woo's Lady Anne (Penelope Allen) in the presence of the shrouded corpse of her father-in-law, Henry VI, whom Richard has murdered, as he has her husband. Here Pacino slows the jigging pace and his own manic mockery to make effective use of his macho sex appeal. This is not to propose that he next put *Romeo and Juliet* on his hit list.

—T.E.Kalem

Singapore Sling

PRIVATES ON PARADE

by Peter Nichols

There is an old evangelical hymn whose refrain runs, "Brighten the corner where you are." Scarcely anyone on either side of the Atlantic does that with more dazzling spontaneity and skill than Britain's Actor-Dancer-Singer-Clown Jim Dale. He is a grand and compelling reason for being at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater at the present moment instead of wherever you happen to be.

Dale is playing a faggot's faggot, but never fear: his manly chest and hairy legs are in full and virile view whether he is impersonating Marlene Dietrich in her black-garter outfit from *The Blue Angel* or banana-topped Carmen Miranda or dear, dear Noël Coward. Dale is the captain of a kinky service entertainment unit attached to beleaguered British troops who are in the process of losing Singapore. While drawing their vaudevilian routines from the bottom of a gunny sack indelibly marked CORN, these entertainers engage in enough adventures and misadventures to stock a TV mini-series—though much of it would have to be blipped out, since the show is rife with four-letter words, most of which begin with a, c, f, or s.

Quite apart from Dale, this is a top-hole cast. There are some problems inherent in the play. Peter Nichols (*Use Egg, The National Health*) has really scrambled three plays here—a sequel to *Oh! What a Lovely War*, a sequel to *The Boys in the Band* and an indigenous British product of the past quarter-century that might be called *Britannia Rues the Waves*. This is a form of retroactive remorse for colonialist sins that one no longer possesses the power to commit. If Maggie Thatcher succeeds in turning England around, she may sound taps for a generation of British playwrights.

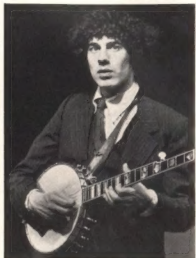
—T.E.K.

Pipes of Pan

BANJO DANCING, OR THE 48TH ANNUAL SQUITTERS MOUNTAIN SONG DANCE FOLKLORE CONVENTION AND BANJO CONTEST AND HOW I LOST

His head sports the pagan curls of a young Harpo Marx, and his face and body quiver with some of the same nutty, berserk humor. But native Chicagoan Stephen Wade, 26, has a great deal more to offer than that.

He is an impassioned banjoist, a nimble authoritative clog dancer, a soulful singer of folk music and an enthralling tall-tale raconteur. He gyrates to the pipes of Pan. He is making his theatrical debut



Stephen Wade in *Banjo Dancing*

Lost in a love affair with an instrument.

in Chicago's Body Politic Theater, in an evening of intimate, unmarred intensity.

When Wade hunches over his banjo, he is a figure of rapturous communion, a man lost in a love affair with an instrument. The songs may be poignantly plaintive, boisterously celebratory or ironically funny. His fingers pluck the strings with steely precision or waft over them like a passing zephyr. Always there is the pulsing drive of his ever moving feet, percussively accenting the chords and the words. Perhaps he is most captivating when he roams about the stage as a musical narrator recounting Tom Sawyer's sly tactics in luring passing boys into whitewashing Aunt Polly's fence.

A wondrous artist, this Stephen Wade, who spills the heart's blood of passion and truth in the tradition of Charles Aznavour, Nana Mouskouri, Django Reinhardt and Woody Guthrie. He may have surfaced in Chicago, but his potential fame defies augury.

—T.E.K.

Time Essay

Are Vacations Really Necessary?

When Rome fell, vacations and the tourist trade went into a slump that lasted in Western Europe for a thousand years. The medieval traveler making his way from one feudal barony to another navigated in hostile passages, always uncertain of refuge, as if a gargoyle Karl Malden flapped after him, haunting him with visions of disaster. Some people setting off on vacation this season must believe that they have now arrived at a 20th century equivalent: a late Sunday afternoon on the American open road, the long procession of gas stations relentlessly shut down and the gauge's needle sinking like the setting sun toward Empty. If at last a gas line appears, winding up the road a quarter of a mile to an oasis of heraldic light, the effect is surreal: the machines in their idling file give off an almost animal heat, the drivers waiting inside them feeling anxious, vaguely betrayed (by Detroit, Carter, Schlesinger, OPEC, history) and sometimes alarmingly close to the Hobbesian state of nature.

Gas shortages across the U.S. have hardly initiated the new Middle Ages. But a skittish uncertainty about fuel, along with other factors like the stand-down of the DC-10 fleet and the way that dollars shrivel like cheap bacon when they go abroad, has begun to work changes in the way that Americans are approaching their annual ceremonies of leisure. Many vacations this year are being curtailed, especially the traditional summer trips that Americans en masse have taken since the early '50s—the long cross-country excursion by car. Now, having glimpsed the mortality of the machine, many Americans are planning trips no more than a tankful of gas away from their homes.

Travelers are still waiting to see if the inconvenience of the gas lines is going to disappear or grow worse. In the meantime, some are beginning to wonder a little whether the whole idea of the vacation—an institution sacrosanct in American habit—makes much sense.

The precise point of vacations is elusive—theoretically, anyway. Arnold Toynbee called the creative use of leisure "the main-spring of civilization." That sort of high-mindedness would surely ruin any holiday. In any case, vacations tend to divide into the active and the settled. Some wish to be invigorated, even chafed; they run down *Deliverance* rivers in canoes or else try to explore exotic civilizations (if they can pay the fare). The vacation-as-quest can have wonderful epiphanies. In 1939 the novelist Lawrence Durrell wrote to friends from Greece (for him an ancient world newly found): "The country is so still and wild; valleys unbelievably remote and pure... if ever there were valleys and enchanted places where the charm still holds good, it is here."

The difference between the active and the settled vacation is that the first often contains some stimulation of danger (however small or large) and the second is designed precisely to soothe, to eliminate threat. It is possible that those who do a certain amount of professional gang fighting tend to favor the settled vacation, while more regimented workers may prefer the adventurous vacation. But temperament is probably a more decisive factor. The most obvious purpose of vacations is contrast, interlude, a break in the pace.

The original Latin *vacatio*—an emptying, a suspension of normal activity, an absence of something—performs a small mystic flip when it encounters Pascal's thought: "The sole cause of man's unhappiness is that he does not know how to

stay quietly in his room." But vacations, in a secular sense, have an ancient history. Inns, restaurants, baths and theaters turned up in the archaeological digs at Herculaneum and Pompeii. For just as long, vacationers have been subdivided into spiritual castes: the enthusiasts who live all the rest of the year waiting for their temporary release, like schoolchildren in early June; and the possibly larger tribe that comes home every year from its outings, hurls suitcases into closets and vows never to do it again.

In 1941 the critic George Jean Nathan listed—and dismissed—some arguments behind "the vacation idea." Meet new people? "I have met hundreds upon hundreds of new people [on vacation] and you can have all but maybe six or seven of them for a nickel." Take things easy? "The more leisure you have, the more your cares will recur to you." Fun to just let go for a while? No, says Nathan: You eat too much, drink too much, spend too much. "You do everything, in short, that contributes to a magnificent case of physical, emotional, financial and spiritual katzenjammer." As for vacations with children, it was Nathan's contemporary Robert Benchley who wrote that "traveling with children corresponds roughly to traveling third class in Bulgaria."

DRAWING FOR TIME BY LARRY ROSS



Women's magazines every June or July publish chattily dire warnings about the "Vacation Blues." These articles are invariably accurate. One does expect too much from vacations and winds up feeling disappointed and even inadequate, as if one had somehow not lived up to the occasion. One does toss through the supposedly sweet idleness with a lump of Calvinist guilt under the mattress; the jauntily go-get-'em "I need some work to do" does conceal, for all its Freudian banality, some sense of unworthiness: you don't deserve the pleasure of a good vacation.

The real danger of the vacation lies in its capacity to compress all family conflicts into an exquisitely focused drama. At their most triumphantly awful, family vacations can compete with a *Long Day's Journey Into Night* or anything else O'Neill wrote. People in their normal working lives have jobs, roles, friends and routines to diffuse and absorb emotions. In the theater of a summer house, family issues 20 years buried are liable to come up thrashing like lobsters. The husband gets drunk and insults his visiting brother, who makes a ghastly effort to climb in bed with the *au pair*. The wife, who discovers that her vacation consists of the same cleaning and cooking that she enjoyed at home, considers swimming to the mainland in the middle of the night, since the ferryboats aren't running. If it is not O'Neill, then it is John Cheever. The creatures who most enjoy themselves may be the 15-year-old girls on the beach who all day squeeze lemon juice on their hair and lazily brush it in to make blond streaks; their faces as they do it are as perfectly empty as certain August afternoons.

Vacations may be pointless. The Trobriand Islanders of Melanesia once found themselves with an embarrassment of leisure. Their yams came up so abundantly that they had no need to work for their food. To occupy their excesses of spare time, the islanders devised the *Kula*, a ceremonial maritime exchange of economically worthless objects—red shell necklaces and white shell bracelets. The *Kula*, in formal circuit around the islands, was the vacation and vocation of the people. They became their own quaintness, their own tourist trap. It is possible, in the end, that they even took American Express.

—Lance Morrow

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